LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR SPECIAL GIFT. See page iii of cover.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXI No. 568. | SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

566171

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

BUSINESS GOVT.: TRAVESTY

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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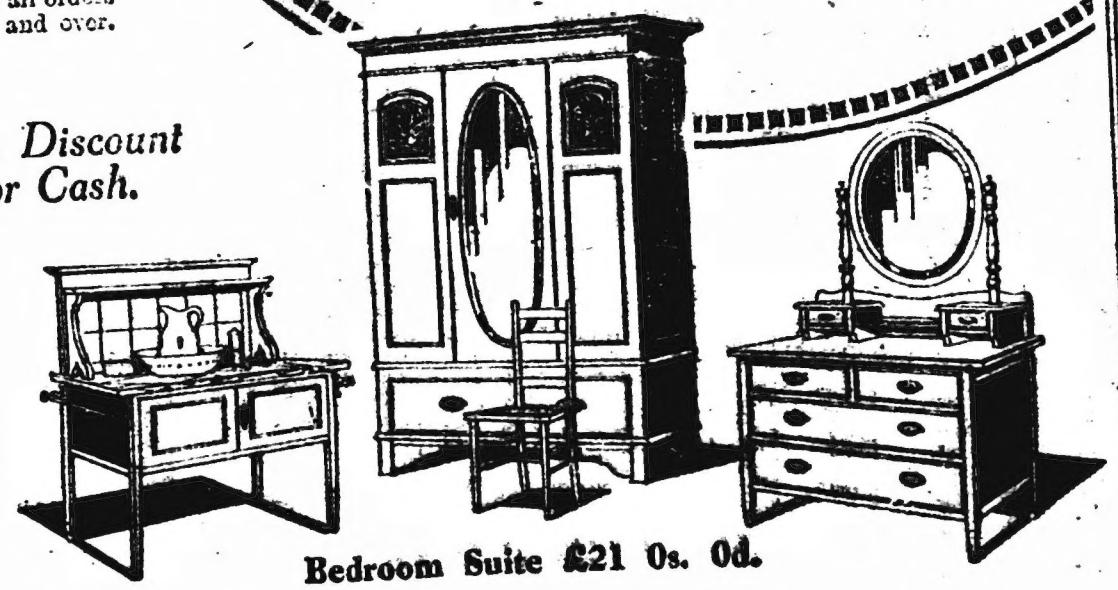

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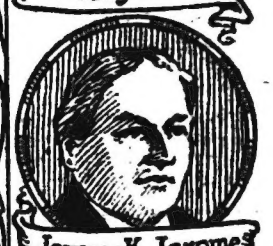
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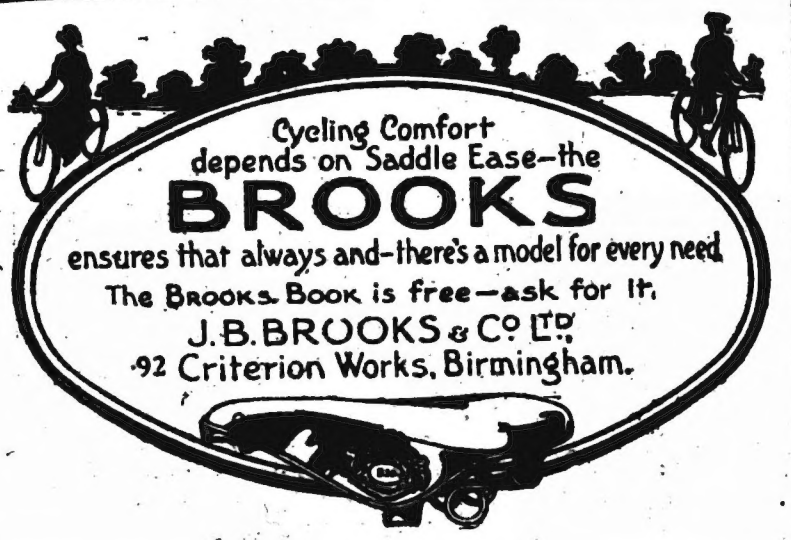
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Vol. XXI. No. 568. Week ending Saturday, April 21st, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Premier's Plans.

It is now pretty certain that, after securing an extension of six months in the life of the present Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George will before the expiration of that term seek a renewal of power for two years to enable him to clear up the war. And after that? Well, we will tell you another day.

Forgetful Premier!

That was a fine bit of post-prandial oratory of the Prime Minister's at the American Luncheon Club. But *why* did he say that the old Government, of which he was a member, knew everything which was going on in Germany before the war? Has he forgotten his own speeches made on the outbreak of hostilities?

The Conference Table.

And we agree that it is good that America will sit at the Peace Conference table. But we wish the Premier had said something about those who must *not* sit there. "No truck with the Hohenzollerns!" *if* you please.

The Barrow Strike.

Has the Government heard anything about the Hidden Hand in this dirty business?

Those Reprisals.

Two more hospital ships sunk! Where are those promised reprisals? Surely Mr. Balfour is not engaged on a Note?

Russia.

We are not *quite* sure that we like that abrogation by the new Government of the Constantinople compact with the Allies. After all, Constantinople *should* belong to Russia. Surely it is not proposed to allow the Sultan to remain in Europe? Candidly, we are not at all happy about Russia.

Wasted Revenue.

Why, instead of prohibiting the use of newspaper contents bills, doesn't the Government put a tax on them—still keeping each journal within its authorised supply of paper? Oh, for a *real* Business Government!

Holyoake.

Saturday last was the centenary of our own distinguished relative the late George Jacob Holyoake, and it was duly celebrated by the various Co-operative bodies—of whom he was the pioneer. And it was he who during the war-fever days of 1878—when angry crowds were clamouring for war against Russia, in defence of Turkey!—invented the name of "Jingoes," suggested by "The Great McDermott's" famous song of those times.

King Albert.

Anyone heard anything lately of our gallant young ally or his brave forces? We are becoming curious.

The Hidden Hand——

Next Sunday, at the Camden Music Hall, another Hidden Hand meeting—preliminary to a big demonstration at which *we* hope to be present. But our brother-in-letters, Mr. A. G. Hales, will be there.

And Yet Again?

Can it possibly be true that the gallant Anzac who had the good sense to fire on the Hun Prince Karl—when, having came down in his aeroplane, he made a bolt for the German lines—has been reprimanded, on the ground that the Prince was unarmed? What *should* the Anzac have done—cheered him on his way?

A Bad "Judge."

To adopt the orthodox journalistic method, who was the ex-Judge—one of the richest men in London—who indignantly ordered off his premises, and threatened with prosecution for begging, some Special Constables who called for a subscription for a Police Field Ambulance?

A Noble Cleric.

Another Chaplain has fallen on the field—this time it is Father Herbert J. Collins. All honour to his memory, and to the great Church of which he was a priest.

A Popular "Cry."

There was recently before the Dover Borough Council a proposal that the Town Crier should publicly announce our contents every week, and in the course of discussion Mr. Councillor Gatehouse stated that he took us weekly, "and would do so if we cost sixpence." He further expressed the opinion that we were quite capable of "sounding our own trumpet" without the Crier going round. Here's to Mr. Gatehouse!

Semper Eadem.

Renewing his acquaintance with Charles Kingsley's novel, "Hypatia," the other day, one of our readers came across the following passage in Chapter XXIV.: "But I hardly trust the Huns. The curse of heaven on their pudding faces and pigs' eyes! There will be no love lost between us. . . . One of us can thrash three of them. . . . Besides plunder, plunder, comrade! When did you know a Hun turn back from that, even if he were only on the scent of a lump of tallow?" Verily may it be said of the Hun that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

It is folly to omit to sign our Free Insurance Coupon on page iii. of Cover.

"Never Mind the Weather."

A good many people still incline to the belief that the abnormally cold weather is due to the heavy firing in France. We are not concerned as to the truth of this theory, and even though it be proved we shall not grumble. If our big guns are making it cold for us, they are making it warm for the enemy.

Same Old Tale.

The Rev. James Scott, of the Congregational Church, Lerwick, has queer notions of the value of evidence. In the course of a sermon upon the eternal "drink" question, this reverend pumpuritan disposed of all adverse arguments by a triumphant reference to "the statement of Sir Victor Horsley, that our failures and stupidity in Mesopotamia were due to drink affecting our leaders"—which was about as reasonable as if we were to say that the muddleheadedness of certain parsons was traceable, not to Biblical confusion, but to bibulous excess.

More Meanness.

The other week we told of a Suffolk farmer who wanted ladies to come and toil for him, unpaid, unfed, and—unfurnished. Mr. Peyton, of Snitterfield, prints an advt. in a Birmingham newspaper which is near akin:—"Women on the Land. If there are 12 strong Young Women earnestly desiring to help their country by working on the land, Stratford-on-Avon district . . . . for Board and Lodging only, let them communicate with"—the aforesaid Peyton. It is an invitation to young women, not to help their country but to help some mean, sniggering farmer.

Fiddling While Rome is Burning.

The long-suffering British public may be impressed by the official scheme for standardising the construction of steamers as a panacea for the shortage of tonnage, but, the practical man is certainly not. The appointment of Mr. Graeme Thomson—"Barrister-at-law, Higher Division Clerk, Admiralty, since 1900," as the principal book of reference puts it—to be Chief Executive Officer of the Ministry of Shipping, to control the building of the vessels we so much need, has, in circles "in the know," given rise to the scornful smile. The dust of the "Old Gang" still needs shaking off!

A Policewoman's Case.

"The Birkenhead policewomen made their first appearance before the Justices." We cannot compliment them on their *début*. Policewoman 7 F succeeded in getting a fine of 14s. imposed upon a soldier's wife, with two children, for keeping a dog without a licence. The poor woman had not seen her soldier-husband since war started. A Magistrate told her the dog was a luxury she ought not to afford. We suggest that the dog is her comfort and, maybe, her protection in the absence of her man. If policewomen can find no better sphere of usefulness, they might disband without being much missed.

"The Greatest of These——"

Our Fund brings help and comfort to those distressed by the war; it keeps "the sticks" together and the home fires burning; saves the dead relatives of our fighting men from the slur of paupers' funerals; feeds the hungry and clothes the poor. No fund is more completely safeguarded against fraudulent applications, and the cost of administration is borne entirely by ourselves. The constant flow of letters of thanks from those who benefit cheers on the work. Will you help, by ever so little? We owe much to our soldiers and sailors—we owe equally to their dependents. In easing their conditions we are heartening the men in the trenches and on the seven seas, and helping them to fight. The strain on the Fund becomes greater as the weeks go by. Send a subscription now.

Had yours yet? If not—don't delay.

So'ton Sillies.

Some German prisoners were being despatched by train from Southampton, and they marched to the station from camp. They were escorted for the whole distance by a number of young girls, who laughed and joked with them, threw them cigarettes—and wafted them kisses when the train was leaving. If those girls had not escaped from a lunatic asylum, they are a disgrace to their sex, and to Southampton. Father should have been there, with a nice, stinging strap.

A Poor Job.

As a going concern Brixton Church seems to be on the queer. According to the Vicar's published details of income, he has received during the first six months of his job there £100 from the churchwardens and £17 16s. marriage fees, while out of this total he has paid £116 for vicarage repairs, "leaving 36s. for the board and lodging of two curates in six months." Which proves once again that life is a large field for human endeavour. No wonder Mr. Waldron resigned!

Damn the Wheat!

If the country is really short of food, why has the War Office, in need of a camp extension in Yorkshire, commandeered for the purpose a 22-acre field of much needed autumn-sown wheat? A fine plant had started to come through, and what looked like a five-quarter crop, to say nothing of the after straw, is now being overrun by builders. If it is still true that this country contains so many millions of people, mostly fools, there isn't the slightest doubt that a lot of them must be practising at the War Office.

Imbecile Interference.

"The Board of Trade has appointed a Committee"—to do something useful? Oh, no!—"to advise as to the uniform to be adopted as the standard uniform of the Mercantile Marine." This piffling, puerile interference with good men doing wonderful work is pitiful—and disgusting. Cannot the Board of Trade understand that it is not a Paris-fashion shop, and that this is no time to set up fashion models? The officers of the Mercantile Marine can do their tasks in any old rig, and we would not worry if they put on the Imperial purple.

Appropriation?

"Foreign Queens and Royal Marriages," advocating a British bride for our Prince, appeared in John Bull on March 28th. A letter signed "X. Y." taking the same line was printed in the *Times* of April 4th, and the *Weekly Dispatch* discovered the "line" on April 8th. Apropos of the above a correspondent writes: "Do you think that X.Y. had not assimilated Mr. Palmer's article which appeared eight days previously? I wonder if you happen to have kept a record of the various matters of a similar nature. If not, I would suggest an 'Impudence Album.'" We did try that, but it soon filled up.

Theology.

A student at one of the theological colleges suggests that "the withdrawal of the Army Order exempting such students would simplify matters considerably and place us in a more satisfactory position with our bishops, with the public, and in our duty to all concerned." We can heartily agree with him; that we are glad to have his assurance that "theological students are as patriotic as any section of young men in the Empire, and only await the chance of doing their bit," also goes without saying. Generally speaking, the only time one sees the Church militant is when it is looking after its own.

The "John Bull" Pen Coupon, page 16.

The Office Joker.

Apropos of the suggestion, in a contemporary, that Lord Northcliffe should take control of National Service, one of our staff—who poses as a wit—says the only possible objection is that up-to-date ideas are necessary, and his Lordship is "behind *The Times*."

Greedy G.P.O.

The G.P.O. is just as mean as any Corporation. All wives of postal employees who are in receipt of a balance to make up civil pay are—if they are also mothers—declared to be in debt to the Post Office. This follows on the increased Separation Allowance for children. One poor mother has been desired to refund the sum of 22s. 3d. when next she receives her Army draft of 24s. for her four children. So she will have 1s. 9d. to go on with—which was not what Government intended. Meanwhile, the childless wife is not "in debt."

Councillor on the Rampage.

During a Flag-day collection at Monmouth, a young lady collector arrived at head-quarters with her box practically demolished. It seems that a generous, charitable "gentleman" had placed 1s. in the box and asked for 11d. change. Being told it was sealed, but that he could have his change at the Town Hall, when the box was opened, he took it, smashed it, cut it open with a knife, and grabbed his 11d. The gentlemanly spendthrift is a Town Councillor of Monmouth. Perhaps his fellow Councillors will inquire if he has paid for the damage, and apologised to the lady?

A Patriotic Parson.

At a meeting of the United Free Church Presbytery, at Cupar, Fife, it was reported that the Rev. Mr. Baynes, of Auchtermuchty, had taken up war work in his spare time "without the consent of the Presbytery," the Rev. J. H. Morrison, of Falkland, being inclined to make trouble in the matter. Wiser counsels prevailed, however, and after some discussion Mr. Baynes was "thanked for his patriotism," and allowed to continue in well-doing. This was a smack in the eye for Mr. Morrison, of Falkland, and a pat on the back for Mr. Baynes, of Auchtermuchty,—both thoroughly deserved.

The "Holdfast" Policy.

The unsatisfactory state of affairs in the former German territory of South-West Africa, to which we have frequently referred, has raised a doubt in the minds of some loyal South Africans as to the intentions of the British Government in regard to the conquered German colonies as a whole. Patriotic opinion in the South African Union is solid for out-and-out annexation, and it is as an exponent of this clear-cut policy that General Smuts now shares in the deliberations of the Imperial War Cabinet. We need scarcely add that upon this vital question the British people at home, with negligible exceptions, are in hearty accord with their kinsmen overseas.

Down and Out.

A Gainsborough tradesman had his plate-glass window broken by an ex-soldier. It was a wrongful act; admitted. The soldier was discharged last November with a pension of 10s. weekly. So he was not quite in the gutter. He smashed the glass, he said, "because he could obtain no medical treatment for his injured spine." He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment—"without hard labour," thank God. We express no gratitude to the Magistrates. The man was "broken in the war" and inadequately provided for. If his bitterness caused him to offend, will such a fiendish sentence pacify him? The only consolation is that in the prison infirmary his injured spine may at last receive attention.

Nurses' Fares.

Nurses plead eloquently for some consideration in the matter of railway fares, which are three times heavier for them than they used to be. Their former concession was a return journey at the price of a single fare. Now, their very rare leave when on war work is spoiled by the imposition of full increased rates. A sister on leave last December was able to go home to Plymouth for 16s. 6d. The other day she was obliged to pay £2 8s. for the same journey. It is a big burden for these ladies.

Trading on Death.

Arthur F. Pocock, Insurance Broker and Auctioneer, 149, Leadenhall Street, joins the band of ghouls who seek for fees at the bedside of the dead. He offers himself "on the subject of Probate Valuation," or for auction purposes. Ungrammatically he writes: "Many years' experience, selling enthusiastically, a rich Clientèle, an excellent following, and in asking you to enlist my personal services feel confident of meriting your appreciation." He fails—for we do not appreciate his "merits," his intrusion upon grief, his style, or his handwriting.

Dangers of England.

It's a naughty place, this England. So the Rev. Dr. Cohalan issued that warning of his t'other day, sure enough. It was addressed to the Irish girls, the purty colleens, bless them! and it was just the good word given them when they were coming to England for employment. He pointed out, did his riverence, "the dangers that awaited them" in this awful, wicked counthry. And if we can't think what the terrible dangers can be, maybe it's our own English sinfulness that's to blame.

Land for Allotments.

Councillor Lucas, of Exeter, has a scent for opportunity. Allotments being wanted, an advert. appeared inviting seekers to attend at a solicitor's office. About 200 turned up, only to learn that there were no allotments to let, but that Mr. Lucas would be pleased to sell plots of land in his field at £25 per plot. It was all very legal and proper—and smart; but we are glad to know that the City Council is likely to assume its compulsory powers and allot that land according to the needs of the community.

A Jolly Farmer.

Some farmers at Truro have passed a resolution against Sunday work on farms. In the discussion the palm was carried off by a Mr. W. H. Jolly, who announced, "Patriotic as I am, I would rather that England should fall than infringe the laws of God." Any heavenly law on the subject was infringed when Sunday, the first day of the week, came to be observed as the seventh. If the Jolly farmer can stop fighting on Sundays, he would have some ground to argue on. "Patriot as he is," should "England fall"—a matter of comparative unimportance to him—he would soon be sampling the Devil as master.

The Civilian Officer.

Colonel James, of Bradwell-on-Sea, suggested some months ago to the Lord Lieutenant of Essex that he could successfully raise a Volunteer Corps in his district. The idea was approved, and the County Commandant promised to place the Colonel in communication with the Commanding Officer of the neighbourhood. Colonel James expressed his willingness to proceed, but heard no more until he received an invitation to attend a public meeting—which had been held the night before! At that meeting the command of the Volunteers was given to a civilian gentleman, without any military experience or qualifications. It is a cruel slight upon a gallant man, and a bad reward for public services.

See Important "Everywoman's" Announcement on page 1.

The Abuse of Khaki.

There is a good deal to be said for the suggestion that khaki should only be worn by the fighting men. It is, in itself, a badge of honour, and should not be shared by those who are merely doing clerical work, or driving motor-cars in safety at home.

A Short Story.

A Short Story of the Irish Sea:—*Chapter* 1.—A mine-sweeper, capable of 15 knots, was told off to escort a liner. They started. *Chapter* 2.—In a few minutes the liner left her escort far, far in the rear. *Chapter* 3.—Liner torpedoed. *Appendix.*—Is it not time some fast destroyers were set to escort fast liners? Mine-sweepers should mine-sweep.

A Silly Suggestion.

The newspaper correspondent who is agitating for the destruction of sea-gulls is very ill-informed. Any one of the many thousand of men who are night and day tracking down and destroying U-boats could have told him that these birds are his most valuable assistants—as, moved by curiosity, they hover round the periscope of the murderous craft and thus "give it away." Hands off the gulls!

Hustle at the War Office.

"A little over six weeks ago," a reader informs us, "an order was issued by the Controlled firm where I am employed, that every man must be medically examined and cards sent without delay to our head office *re* combing-out. Well, I applied for a warrant at East Ham Town Hall; was delayed about an hour; given a post-card to sign and post; waited a month for reply; no reply; visited Town Hall again; was told to write O.C., Dr. T. B., War Office, Whitehall; did so; received a few days later envelope containing another post-card to be sent to same address; signed it and posted it; and after another 14 days am still without reply. What's the matter with 'em; do you know?" We think so. There are far too many young men in the War Office doing little else this weather except smoking, toasting their toes, and talking to flappers.

Hertzog and the Huns.

In the political arena of the South African Union, "General" Hertzog, the so-called "Nationalist" leader, continues his disloyal and vexatious opposition to the patriotic policy of the Botha Government. In every direction, Hertzog is playing the German game—imputing to British statesmen responsibility for the war, pleading for an early peace by negotiation, and urging the withdrawal of South Africa from the conflict. We have no right to dictate policy to the South African Premier, but we take leave to observe that the Hertzog campaign is exciting bitter indignation among the loyal population of the Union.

An Arbitrary Rule.

Under the Government War Risks Insurance Scheme, ship stewards may insure their belongings to the extent of £30, and assistant-stewards and cooks to the value of £15, while seamen and firemen can cover themselves to a maximum of £5 only. For this arbitrary distinction there seems to be no basis in reason or equity, and we suggest to the Board of Trade that there are strong grounds for the amendment of a regulation involving distinct hardship to the rank and file of the mercantile marine.

Huns to Dig.

Are the alien prisoners at Alexandra Palace and Park being made to dig up and cultivate the many acres around them? If not, why not? There are the men, and there is the land—both on the spot! The same question applies to many another internment camp.

A Sugar Shuffle.

"Is it generally known," asks an Ilford lady, "that some of the big shops are refusing to serve customers with a pound of sugar, but are charging 3d. for ½ lb. of granulated and 3½d. for ½ lb. of loaf, thereby making an extra ½d. lb. profit on granulated and 1d. lb. on loaf?" On protest regarding the granulated she was informed that they were not giving farthing changes, as they could not obtain them. Other letters reach us to similar effect—which we take to be the result of the Food Controller issuing fatuous edicts, after consultation with food profiteers who take care to be on a winner every time. Let anybody go to these shops short of a farthing, ask for a ½ lb. of granulated sugar, and see whether he will get it—well, Lord Devonport might; he probably comes under the special favour clause.

A Vigorous Curse.

Most people will agree with the Crewe railway worker who says it is a something shame that men who have already been wounded or disabled in the Army should be re-examined with a view to being dragged in for war service again. "Hundreds of big, strapping young fellows are walking about the Crewe Works with practically nothing to do, while the foremen keep out of the way for fear these men should ask for a job to keep their hands warm. The oldest man in the works will tell you he has never known such a slack time, yet the Railway Company will not allow anybody to leave either to join the Army or to better his industrial position. The Company does exactly as it pleases. It is about time the Government took the matter in hand and compelled the Directors to release some of us, or pay the money we could earn elsewhere." So said, well said.

The Hun-Interned.

Possibly it is a common practice throughout the country—at any rate, a Gloucester resident tells us that in the principal police stations in Gloucestershire are posted lists of alien enemies, "name after name marked 'Exempted from Internment,' or 'Exempted from deportation.' Who exempted these people?" he wants to know, "and what was the private interest which procured exemption for them?" If he can think of an easier one, perhaps he will put it to us at a future day.

Breach of Faith.

Bettws-y-Coed Council presented its Surveyor with an honorarium of £10 when he volunteered. Wounded in action and passed into Class C3, he applied to go back to his position under the substitution scheme. At the Council only one member had the pluck to speak for him. The Chairman said that the Surveyor had "detached himself from the Council" by accepting its £10, and it was "decided to take no steps to fill the vacancy till after the war." Meanwhile, what is their officer, smarting under this breach of faith, to do? Starve?

THE PAPER SHORTAGE.

Readers are again reminded of the importance of preventing waste by eliminating "returns"—or unsold copies. With this object and to ensure a regular supply, the Order Form on page 23 should be filled up and handed to a Newsagent or Bookstall Manager.

DO IT NOW.

There is £250 waiting for YOU. See page 24.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., Prime Minister.

Dear Premier,—If we *must* tinker with the franchise while the war is in progress, your first aim should surely be to provide every soldier and sailor, every merchant seaman and munition worker, with a vote and an opportunity to use it at the next election, come when it may. In this connection I would direct your attention to the fact that arrangements have already been made for members of the Australian military and naval forces in Great Britain and France, over 21 years of age, to take part in the forthcoming Australian Federal Elections. Perhaps you will find out how it is to be managed, and give the Commons a lead in the matter when next it crops up for discussion.

John Bull.

To Sir William Robertson, K.C.B., etc., Chief of Imperial General Staff, War Office.

Dear General,—Soldiers who write to me pour contemptuous scorn on the recent Order that once a month regimental medical officers should lecture the men on the "social evil." "Why," they say, "don't our superiors treat us as men instead of as babies? Why should we be lectured in this ridiculous way, as if we were girls in a Sunday school? If they have any brains, how can they expect to make us 'good' by such means?" Thousands of married soldiers, with every wish and effort to be true to their loved ones miles distant, do not get leave home for months on end. Some have not seen their wives and children for nearly a year. They scrape and save out of their meagre pay to have their heavy railway fares ready on the happy day, but the happy day never comes. Discontented and miserable, they go on the spree with all this money in their pockets. "Leave this lecture business alone. Let us see our wives and kiddies now and again, and give us free vouchers for travel like munitions workers," writes a man from a Bangor station, "and we shall then be ready for hell itself." Without question leave home could be given in thousands of cases where, for some inscrutable reason, it is withheld. Can not you do something in the matter?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, M.P., Pensions Minister.

My Dear Barnes,—You have a task of immense difficulty, and I am afraid you are not doing too well. But I do wish you were a little more alive to the virtue of tact and of "the soft answer that turneth away wrath." It is not pleasant to see you setting your audiences by the ears, becoming the target for all manner of opprobrious epithets and any amount of unmerited abuse, all for the want of that conciliatory instinct which is among the most valuable of platform assets. Some of your utterances have been most unhappy. I don't want you to play the hypocrite, but there is no need to play the fool.

John Bull.

To the Master of the Devon and Somerset Hunt.

Dear Sportsman,—I gather that you had quite a lively run the other day, a hunted stag finally jumping into a filter tank at the Tiverton Waterworks, where eight and a half couples of your hounds were drowned. As a result of this mishap the water supply of the town had to be cut off for several hours, the cleansing of the tank involving a severe draft upon the local labour forces. All very exciting, no doubt, and full of sporting interest, but can you tell me just how this sort of thing is helping to win the war? Or haven't you yet heard that Great Britain has severed diplomatic relations with Berlin?

John Bull.

To Herbert Nield, Esq., K.C., M.P.

My Dear Nield,—Congrats. on your forthcoming appointment to the Recordership of York. I shall always remember you as the man who stuck up for me in the dark days and got fined £100 for Contempt of Court. Well, nobody will have any contempt for *your* Court. Good luck. I know you will be just, and I hope you will be merciful.

John Bull.

To Major McGill, Military Representative, Local Tribunal, Tynemouth.

Sir,—I am quite in agreement with what you said in your tussle with the Mayor of North Shields, Councillor H. Gregg (the pumpuritan gentleman convicted of selling bread underweight), that persons of Germhun origin who are subjects of this country should not be permitted exemption on the ground that they are doing a trade in pork. As you put it, "the work they do might and ought to be carried on by Britons, and it is not in accord with our English traditions of fairplay that Germans should be allowed to carry on businesses of this sort while British men are taken away." I gather that the Mayor is not of that opinion; in fact, it was his vehement protest that they should have all the rights of British subjects. In that case they should also have all the responsibilities, and your contention still applies. A Briton would not claim exemption on the ground that he sold pork chops and Germhun sausage. If he did, he wouldn't get it. If selling pork chops is work of national importance there are plenty of real Britons, unfit for the Army, who can do it as easily as they can send out for alcoholic refreshment while in the dining-rooms of this teetotal Mayor and consume it on his premises.

John Bull.

To Messrs. Marshall, Murray and Co., Ltd., 377, Queen's Road, Peckham.

Sirs,—Considering that your firm has got religion—at any rate, I am told one of your directors is a local preacher and the other a deacon—it seems to me scandalous hypocrisy that you should water your milk. And not only so; it is unconscionable robbery besides. Against you in the Lambeth Police Court was the evidence that one sample contained 11 per cent. of added water and was 8 per cent. deficient in fat. How much you have been making out of the rainy season and the anti-fat fake before you were caught in the act Heaven and yourselves alone know, but I agree with Mr. Chester Jones, the Magistrate, who inflicted on you a penalty of £30 and £5 5s. costs, that "it is abominable poor people should be asked to pay sixpence a quart for milk of this description." There is nothing more disgusting than hypocrisy and when I think of the type of men you are and then reflect on the offence for which your firm has been convicted, my gorge rises. What a power you must be in prayer, sirs!

John Bull.

To the Lord Provost of Glasgow.

Dear Lord Provost,—When you send out another appeal for subscriptions, do please bear in mind the paper famine. Your last effort includes one entire sheet of large foolscap—four pages. There are not many words on page 1; on page 2 there are seven lithographed autographs, mainly like hieroglyphics. The other two pages are entirely blank. The whole could have been printed on a single sheet of notepaper. The enclosures, adding to this sinful waste, consisted of six pages of quarto paper—three being blank. All this was placed in a big envelope, and twopence postage paid. As it was printed matter, one halfpenny stamp would have carried it in an open envelope. Do teach Scotsmen a little elementary economy, even when appealing for subscriptions. There's sic an awfu' waste o' guid siller at the Ceety Chambers.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Father E. J. Russell, ex-Curate, St. Alban's, Holborn.

Dear Father Russell,—After fifteen years of strenuous service in the parish of St. Alban's you are at length seeking retirement, and I cannot let you go without a word of farewell. Your ideals have been widely different from my own, and perhaps in some ways we have little in common, but throughout your long career you have been animated by a warm zeal for humanity and a lofty sincerity of purpose that compels respect. In these days, when men and women of all religions are piercing the husks of dogma for the eternal verities that lie beneath, we look rather to the ties that bind us than to differences that divide. So give me your hand.

John Bull.

AN OFFICER AND HIS WIFE.

ANOTHER PETTICOAT TRAGEDY—ALLEGATIONS OF A GRAVE ARMY SCANDAL.

By Charles Palmer.

IF nothing else was demonstrated in the notorious and unsavoury Cornwallis-West case, this at least was proved—that the nation is particularly jealous of the honour of a young officer of the British Army, and that injustice is resented as a slight upon the spirit of the People which has responded so nobly to the call of war. If the status and professional reputation of a young lad, one of our immediate—our home—selves are thus jealously regarded, surely the trust we hold for those sons of the Dominions overseas is not less, but more, sensitive. We do not forget that our Dominions and their fighting lads have made our quarrel theirs, that without the stimulus of immediate contact with affairs in Europe the men of our far-flung Empire have ranged themselves, in camp and trench, by the side of the sons of British soil. Their claim upon our sympathy and consideration is wide and deep. An injustice inflicted upon any one of them is an injustice to us; a rankling sense of wrong suffered and endured must fall with particular weight on our hearts and consciences. We make these preliminary reflections because circumstances have come to our knowledge to which we feel it our duty, in the public interest and on behalf of those wider Imperial interests of which we must never lose sight, to direct the attention alike of our readers and the Army Council.

Need for an Inquiry.

Naturally we are anxious in attempting to remedy one injustice not to deal harshly or unfairly with those who are mixed up in what we can only describe, with the information at our disposal, as a grave Army scandal. We therefore propose for the moment only to state the facts in vague form, reserving to ourselves the right and the duty in our next issue to make detailed and particular reference to the history and circumstances of this alleged scandal. Let us say at once that there is no hint of a threat in this prefatory article. If the story, as it has been told to us, will bear the test of full inquiry—and it is for an inquiry of the fullest and most legal character that we shall call in the public interest—then it will be seen that the scandal is a very real one, and that the young officer, now a private, on whose behalf we take up the cudgels, has been cruelly and grievously wronged. There may have been faults on both sides—this we do not for a moment deny—and it may be found that there was some extenuation, but hardly justification, for the infliction of domestic and professional injury of a character hard to understand and certainly almost impossible of bearing.

A Miscarriage of Justice.

When we come to support with letters and documents the full details of our story it will be found, we think, that the Army Council has been unwittingly guilty of a grave miscarriage of justice, that a young officer's domestic relations became in some unaccountable way mixed up with matters of Army discipline, and that while it may be argued that he has been made to suffer for acts of omission and commission of a purely military character, yet nevertheless indirectly feminine interference, if not feminine influence, has played its part in his professional undoing. When it is made apparent that facts were in some way divulged to his new relations—his young wife and his mother-in-law, whom he first met casually in a Strand hotel—who had become embittered against him, that a confidential report to the War Office in which certain things were revealed appears to have come under the eyes of those who had no right to such evidence, and that acting upon that evidence pressure of a remarkable kind was brought to bear on his family, we think the need for an Official Inquiry will be obvious to every impartial person. An ex-lieutenant who came from Jamaica to play his part in the Great War is to-day a broken if not an embittered man. A marriage contracted in circumstances wholly romantic, and a married life which began under auspices apparently of the happiest kind, was turned to gall and wormwood within less than a month. And it is because the circumstances of his Army degradation arose out of that hasty and unhappy attachment that we feel that the action of the Army Council in coming to a conclusion on the adverse report of his commanding officer, without having at the same time the accused's own report on the complaints urged against him, is so contrary both to the letter and the spirit of the King's Regulations that he has a fair claim for a retrial of his case and a recital of all the circumstances which led up to his degradation.

A Fateful Marriage.

For a full understanding of this ex-officer's position, and in order to show the mitigating circumstances of whatever military offences he may have been guilty, we shall be compelled to deal at some length—but not with any intention to wound feelings—with all the facts leading up and subsequent to this amazing marriage. Nothing is more deeply resented to-day than any suspicion of petticoat influence in connection with the profession of arms. At a time when we are drawing our fighting men from every rank of Society—from the lowest as well as the highest rungs of what is known as the Social Ladder—those who volunteer or who are impressed into the fighting forces have a right to be assured that at no point in their military careers will adverse influences—however innocently they may be exercised, or however unwittingly others may succumb to them—be used for prejudice or punishment.

A Vain Appeal.

We do not say that the story we shall tell in our next issue is on all fours with the Cornwallis-West case. But we do say this: That the young man who believes himself to be injured and degraded without a fair hearing has so far appealed in vain for a reconsideration of his case—a case of an extraordinary kind, a tense drama of human emotions. We know the Army authorities have much to occupy their zealous and unremitting attention. But there is nothing that goes so deeply to the root of discipline and affects so intimately the *moral* of our fighting forces as the knowledge that even-handed justice and fair-play, unaffected by external influences, are rendered to all alike. We think it will be found that the story we shall tell and the evidence we shall adduce will be sufficient to prove that, *prima facie*, a grave miscarriage of justice has been committed. All we shall ask, after making known every material circumstance, is that this young soldier from Jamaica shall be given a fair trial, that every detail surrounding and attending his married life with a young lady, somewhat highly connected, who left him within less than a month, and with the birth and discarding of the child of the marriage—itself an almost incredible story—shall be given due weight. If after full consideration the military authorities come to the conclusion that he has been justly treated, we at least shall abide by the verdict. But if it is found that improper influences have been at work, and personal prejudice has had play—further, that the action of his Colonel was strangely unusual—then we shall demand for him justice and reparation.

"A PLACE IN THE SUN."

THE (HINDEN)BERG BEGINS TO RUN.

A MUNITIONS GRIEVANCE.

THE CASE OF THE WOMEN WORKERS.

As further evidence of the way in which some women munition-makers are treated, we may mention the case of a London worker who produces conclusive proofs of her statement that for 57½ hours' strenuous labour in filling and packing fuses she was paid £1 2s. 3d. This is apparently her ordinary rate of remuneration, which even for night work is only 4½d. an hour. In addition, there is a special bonus, which in a full week may amount to half a sovereign, but this it seems is much more easily lost than earned, as our informant's recent experience may show. Having worked five nights and earned 8s. bonus, the woman was summoned to attend the funeral of a near relative, and after this trying ordeal she felt unable to face her night work at the factory. For the loss of this single "shift" she not only forfeited wages and bonus for that particular night, but the whole of the bonuses earned in the earlier part of the week were struck off her pay-sheet. This was apparently in accordance with the rules of the establishment, which prescribe that "any worker who loses time to the extent of half a day or two half-hours per week will lose all bonus previously earned in that week." Obviously this inelastic measure may occasionally be productive of the greatest hardship, and in the case under notice it might certainly have been "honoured in the breach" without detriment to the discipline of the factory, and with no more than bare justice to the workwoman concerned. There is a possibility, we understand, that this case with others of a similar character may shortly be brought to the notice of the local Munitions Tribunal, but there are difficulties in the way of any such procedure. The incident lends point to the demand, lately voiced in these columns, for the establishment of representative committees at munition factories for the adjustment of minor grievances. By this means many serious troubles would never develop, and often grave difficulties would be avoided.

A MISSING WITNESS.

GRAVE ALLEGATIONS AGAINST A MEDICAL MAN.

It seems a most extraordinary thing that Dr. Browne, of Orrell, Wigan, was not called to give evidence at the inquest upon the death of Isabella Marsh, an old lady of 76, who had died from injuries sustained through a fall down the stairs of her house. Altogether the case was a most painful one, and Dr. Browne's reputation was closely involved. It seems that the old woman's accident had occurred at bed-time on January 30th, and her cries for assistance being unheard—she was living alone in the house—she had lain on the kitchen floor the whole of the night, in bitterly cold weather, suffering the agony of a broken leg. At 7.30 the next morning the poor woman was discovered by a neighbour, and Dr. Browne was summoned. The good doctor arrived at 3.30 p.m. For eight hours, after the night's exposure, the injured woman was left sitting on a hard kitchen chair without surgical attention. Finally she was removed to the Wigan Union, where she lingered for a time and died on March 8th. Had Dr. Browne, of Orrell, been present at the inquest he might perhaps have accounted for the fact that, despite an urgent summons at 9 o'clock in the morning, it was 3.30 in the afternoon before he arrived on the scene. Further, he might have explained why he did not then attend to the patient's comfort—set the broken leg, or even bandaged it—but contented himself with ordering the woman's removal to the Workhouse, thus still further delaying the proper treatment of her injuries. These are questions that urgently demand an answer. They were present to the minds of the Coroner's jury, who thought "Dr. Browne should be asked to explain why he neglected the patient so much." The Coroner too was moved to protest. "You would expect better treatment than that for a dog," he observed. A verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned, but surely a matter of such concern to the public cannot rest there.

THE STEEL MUST DECIDE.

LET THEM WHO DRAW THE SWORD PERISH BY THE SWORD.

By A. G. Hales.

GENERAL HAIG is not permitting the grass to grow under his feet; he knows as well probably as any man living that Germany's best card in the war game is the sinking of ships that supply the Allied armies, as well as Allied civilians, with foodstuffs, and he knows that the Germans need time to make their campaign against food effective. Like a wise commander, he is therefore giving the foe no more time than he can possibly help. General Haig has, I think, for some time past been fully awake to this peril, far more so than the politicians or the general public. How real the danger is we can gather from the utterances of Mr. R. White, a gentleman of knowledge and standing in the shipping world, who, when presiding over the annual meeting of the General Steam Navigation Company in London, a few days ago, said that he estimated the value of the world's shipping losses at German hands during the war at the colossal and almost unbelievable sum of *twelve thousand million pounds*, and added that this destruction would practically cripple the world for years to come. Mr. White might have said that these stupendous figures were being added to every day and every night. £12,000,000,000—the sum almost takes the breath away. Now do you understand why John Bull has so emphatically demanded that the British nation be rationed, so that there shall be no fear of the great British Army's push in the West being wrecked by any shortage of food at the critical moment? Better that every man and woman amongst us all at home should go on *half rations* for a time than that our soldiers' vitality should be sapped by any shortage. Haig knows how vital time is, and he is wasting none of it—he is pushing the Germans with splendid energy; and every warrior with him is backing the leader, even though the elements are just now fighting against us and the upheaval in Russia is taking a heavy load off Hindenburg's shoulders.

The Splendour of Our Advance.

There has been nothing of the "nibbling" order about our advance this time; we have rushed the Germans backward like a flood, and whenever we could get to grips with them in the open country we have beaten them, and beaten them badly. Our citizen-soldiers—the men who prior to this war never had a serious thought of ever fighting—have knocked the backbone out of the theory, always advanced by those who loved and advocated militarism, that it takes from seven to ten years to make a soldier. There were men in nearly every country under the sun who preached that doctrine four years ago; only the military cranks who hope to see nations in arms after this bloody holocaust is over will advocate it now, in the face of evidences supplied by the citizen-army of Great Britain in the present push. James Clerk and Bill Blacksmith have knocked the bottom out of a lot of things besides the Kaiser's army. Our field artillery has achieved wonders—but I have always held that our field artillery was the best arm in the Service, and second to none on earth in point of efficiency. We have beaten the Germans at that end of the game, and every novice knows that the Kaiser relied upon his artillery to sweep a passage through the world, for it had long been the German boast that in guns and gunners they had the whip-hand of creation. Yet in many instances men who three years ago had never seen a gun have beaten them where they thought they were strongest. Our guns have improved, but the man behind the gun is, and always must be, the dominating factor. The guns cleared the way for the infantry in the new push; and when it became the turn of the men of the line, they went through the Germans like fire through flax. No matter where they came from—home-bred or from overseas—they were better men, better fighters, better stayers than our enemies—though, in my estimation, the prevalent practice of calling the German a poor fighter is rank nonsense and the worst kind of a compliment we can pay our fine men.

Is it the Rhine this Time?

Is Haig's cavalry going to rush Hindenburg, and fling the great German masses back in disorder to the Rhine? I hope so, but Hindenburg may make a desperate and stubborn stand somewhere, as the Germans did at the Somme, and we may have to deal sledge-hammer blows to get him on the run—for Hindenburg, who is dominating the U-boat campaign against Great Britain in the hope of starving our troops in the field, knows the value of delay as well as Haig does, and he will not hesitate to sacrifice his troops to gain time. He has never been sparing of his men when he considered sacrifice necessary—no German general is; they did not hesitate to shamble their soliders like cattle at Verdun, in the hope of getting through the French lines and making a second rush on Paris. Now that Hindenburg is not fighting to conquer territory, as he conquered Poland, but to save Germany from invasion by a victorious and avenging host, he will send his men to the slaughter without compunction, in the hope of holding Haig back. Superb as our soldiers are, we must not expect the impossible from them—nor would Haig be justified in risking too much even in the face of the threatened shortage of food; for, after the Germans are driven into their own territory, there remains for us the crossing of the Rhine—a deep and rushing river, that will act as a natural barrier against our Army. Even as it was when I travelled up its course before the war, the Rhine was a grim bar to any general's advance. As it doubtless is *now*, it will form by far the most formidable obstacle any general the world has ever known has had to overcome—our soldiers will cross it in time, providing we look after foodstuffs over here; and when they are across, then will begin the agony of Germany, and they who drew the sword shall feel its edge and point. But the real smashing of Prussian power for ever will not commence until our troops are over the Rhine; then every acre of German soil we take will be ours to cultivate for the benefit of ourselves and our Allies—there will be no shortage of skilled labour then for the task, for we shall have plenty of German prisoners, and making German soldiers till German soil to fatten our people will be the irony of Fate. Will the enemy fight until then? I may be wrong, but—brute beast though he is—I think he will fight right up to the Brandenberg Gate unless the peace-at-any-price element in our midst undermines our determination to exact retribution in full. That the Russian situation reflects upon the Western front any tyro can see; but though it has made Haig's task infinitely more hazardous, it has not shaken his nerve or caused him to waver in his efforts; it has stirred him and his majestic army to greater endeavours, and he and his have risen to stupendous heights of achievement and glory. They have crossed the awful morass of slime and mud which the enemy left behind them, and have performed the seemingly impossible. Their fame will outlast the world, and we are proud of them with an honest pride; but we must knit our pride to deeds—we must force the politicians to give adequate pensions and immediate assistance to the sixty-five thousand soldiers now on the Army scrap-heap through service in the nation's cause.

JAM AND POTATOES FOR GERMHUNS.

GOVERNMENT REPRISALS FOR THE *ASTURIAS* DEVILRY.

Some time ago the Government threatened reprisals on the Germhuns if they sank another hospital ship. The Germhuns didn't worry, and proceeded to sink the *Asturias*. Then the Government, staggering in horror and boiling with wrath, issued a declaration that they didn't intend to threaten any more, but would proceed to avenge the damnable deed. Weeks passed, and as nothing happened most people concluded that the Government had forgotten the reprisals. They were wrong, for the Government have now begun to reprise in deadly earnest; they are strafing the Boche with jam. At least that is what would appear from proceedings the other day at the Northampton Tribunal. "A member of a leading grocery firm, appealing for a jam boiler, stated that the Government had commandeered all the jam for German prisoners; there was consequently none for the British public." Nor is this their only reprisal on the Boche; they are bringing potatoes from Ireland in order to feed Germhun prisoners in Scotland. That is some vengeance; there is a rumour that worse will follow. It is believed the Government are maturing a plan whereby the British are to be made compulsorily teetotal, and the Germhun internment camps are to have all the beer.

SUMMONING THE DEAD.

OVERSEERS AND OVERSIGHTS AT CROYDON.

A few months ago we referred to the harsh methods of the Croydon Borough authorities in their dealings with rate defaulters. Unfortunately, it seems that matters are even worse than we thought. At a recent session of the Croydon Borough Police Court it was found that rate summonses had been issued against four persons who were dead, while in several other cases serious blunders had occurred, invalidating the whole proceedings—the cost of which, presumably, will fall upon the harassed ratepayers. It is said that in some of these cases the tenants had died before the current rate was levied, one summons was served upon a person who had never been in occupation of the rated premises, while in several instances process was served before the delivery of correct demand notes. In the face of these stupid blunders, Croydon ratepayers are beginning to wonder whether they are getting quite full value for the handsome salary paid to their Town Clerk.

A FRENCHWOMAN'S PLIGHT.

WANTS WORK BUT NOBODY WILL EMPLOY HER.

"I am of French nationality," writes a poor woman, now living in Liverpool. "I have lost all my dear ones in this dreadful war, my home being in Givenchy, France. I have not a single friend I can turn to for help. I cannot tell you how much I have tried to get work here in England. Everywhere I seem to get the old story—'We don't want foreigners.' I have tried for Government posts and posts not under Government, but I am not wanted. What is left for me to do? I have nothing against my character whatever, and yet I am left to do what I can. Am I to be driven to the streets, as many other poor Frenchwomen are, degrading themselves simply because it is impossible to find work in England? Why are we brought here if work cannot be found for us? We are looked upon as spies. I have lodgings to provide for and, like you English, I need food and clothes; how think you can I get them? I have been in Liverpool a fortnight; before that my *fiancé* was providing me with enough money to keep myself. Now that he has been taken for the Army I know not what to do. Does this country offer only one alternative to me—the streets or starvation? I think it is a shame. A few Belgians who have exploited British generosity have made bad times for us. English people are sick of foreigners; therefore, a Frenchwoman of clean character cannot get on. If it were not for my kind landlady I should have to go to the gutter in disgrace. Can you give me any advice? The police cannot help; can you?" Perhaps this paragraph will help her; at any rate, we hope so. Surely, there is room for her in this country somewhere? It is not as if she were Germhun.

ONE WAY TO GET SUGAR.

MAN WHO WOULD NOT TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER.

We all know that the grocer must not now insist on other goods being purchased from him before he will supply a few ounces of sugar. And we all know how the grocer gets over that little joke by blandly asserting, "No sugar to-day." How one of our readers countered this attitude forms an amusing—and instructive—comedy of shop manners. It was a British workman on his way home from toil, and he met his wife. She was looking sad. She had been to the local branch of a certain multiple firm, had bought her goods, and had met with the stereotyped "No sugar" gag. Yet, she had seen a large quantity of the commodity heaped on the counter in paper-bags. The husband thereupon entered the shop. And this merry dialogue ensued: "A pound of sugar, please." "No sugar to-day." "Oh! What is in those bags?" (About fifty blue-paper bags were pointed to.) "Rice," was the curt response. "Very well, then. I'll buy a pound of rice." He helped himself to a bag and placed his money on the counter. He opened the bag, and found that it contained sugar. The counter-jumper, scandalised, had wirelessed for help, and the manager appeared like a Jack-out-of-the-box. He first seemed about to eat the intruder, but changed his mind, and procrastinated. "You can only have half-a-pound of sugar," he said. It was already a 50 per cent. surrender. "I have bought a pound, and shall keep it." "You must not take goods off the counter." "You must not refuse to sell sugar." "The sugar has only just come in." "And I have only just come in! I shall keep this pound. What will you do? Call a policeman? If so, I'll wait." "No, but you won't get any more." "I have all I need." And with a polite "Good-night" our reader made a triumphant exit. We cannot advise other readers to copy his example. But we do not advise them to the contrary.

THE SHAME OF PRINCETOWN.

WORMS HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES.

Almost incredible are the stories that come from Princetown, where about 900 Conscientious Objects, the scum of the nation, are supposed to be in prison. Much of the time, they are out of it. When there, they turn up their noses at the lightest task that is set them, and the prison staff, who know how to deal with recalcitrant convicts, seem without power to enforce the rules upon these cowardly worms. Says one observer, "They have not done three-pennyworth of work for every pound sterling they have cost the country." They are supposed to be, at last, put on the national diet, but this is not credited. They are regularly supplied with potatoes, while good citizens can get none, and they are allowed outside in restaurants and shops to buy as much more food as they can gorge. There is even worse to tell. They have been at Princetown but a few weeks, yet they are already permitted to go away on "holiday"—with free passes on the railway. One skunk, going North on a jaunt, received a £7 ticket. This at a time when all of us are paying 50 per cent. excess, and while fighting soldiers, real men, are allowed fares only one way. We are told that about 300 Objects were to take holiday at Eastertide, on free passes, which they will not even work for. One Object—the notorious Norman—turned up at the I.L.P. Conference, and described himself as "the Delegate from Dartmoor." The direct allegation is made that, at Princetown, these nameless things defy discipline; they "do just as they like in that work centre; go where they please, work when it suits them, and finish the day by singing the 'Red Flag.'" It is intolerable that any conditions approaching these should exist. These invertebrates, devoid of citizenship, bloodless, deaf to the cry of humanity, sneering at brave soldiers, laughing at the murder of men, women, and children, denying their country, do not belong to the nation at all. They do not deserve its protection, far less its pampering. When we think of the hardships that are being endured by the splendid fellows who put patriotism before everything and are giving their lives for their country, the treatment—soft, sloppy and sentimental—of these bloodless creatures is nauseating. They should be sent to the front, to suffer their chance, and then, perhaps, one here and there might find his manhood. What became of the others would be immaterial.

A BUSINESS GOVERN

LLOYD GEORGE'S CUTE MOVE—SUBTLE

By THE ED

IT is a trite observation in these days that "we've got a Business Government at last." Heaven save the mark! What we have is an amateurish travesty of the idea. Perhaps I had better once more define the meaning of Business Government. It is simply this—putting the right men in the right places, and then conducting the government of the nation upon practical Business lines. Who on earth, with this definition before him, would put an eminent King's Bench Counsel at the head of the Navy, or a distinguished sporting Peer at the head of the Army? Or a successful colliery Owner at the head of the Local Government Board? Think of a successful retail grocer in control of the Food Supply of the nation—or a Duke's Agent at the head of the Board of Agriculture? Well may Mr. Churchill speak of a "hastily plumbed together machine"! And imagine a War Cabinet without a soldier or sailor in it, and closed even to the official heads of the Army and the Navy! And a Lay Preacher in it—representing Labour! And a Medical Man responsible for munitions of war!

A Subtle Scheme.

I am almost tempted to ask whether this is Mr. Lloyd George's little scheme to discredit the whole idea of Business Government—and to keep the Party fires burning until the end of the war, in the hope that he and his friends may then resume the old game! He is a sly dog—and he is Welsh! Well, if such be the case, the scheme won't work. I intend to scotch it. I have no faith in the patriotism of the "Party Truce." You should hear the old "Prospective Candidate" curse it whenever a by-election comes round and he has to stand down for some official nominee of the Party in possession of the seat! It is just a device to maintain what the diplomatists call the *status quo ante*—so that the players may all "start fair" when the fun is resumed and, heedless of the lessons of the war, the Westminster Wranglers return to their old occupation of earning their salaries by the sweat of their jaw. In the meantime, however, it is essential that no new order of things should obtain a firm foothold. When the Coalition collapses, there must be no alternative to a return to the pre-war style. Dizzy "dished the Whigs," and Lloyd George may dish the Liberals—but he has no desire to dish the Party System. You see, he is a lawyer; and I am sure he believes that it is to the lawyers—and the Dukes—that the British people must look when we are called upon to face the grim task of rebuilding the Empire, capturing the trade of Germany, and cementing for all time the unity of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races by the bonds of reciprocal trade and commerce. Wherefore let us have a travesty of the threatened change—in the hope that it may be averted, and the Party Politician saved! No, my dear Lloyd George, it won't do—you can't dish the Business Government League.

A Popular Illusion.

It pleases opponents of Business Government to put their own interpretation upon the term. They declare that it means that men engaged in business—City men, financiers, manufacturers, retailers, shopkeepers—should fill all the offices in a Ministry. I need hardly say that this is all nonsense. There are some so-called business men I would not employ to manage a whelk stall. The average "business man" is the least imaginative or adaptable man in the world. We should never have allowed the German merchant and traveller to get such a hold as they had obtained before the war on the markets of this country, and over some of the first essentials for war material, if our "business men" had shown the capacity to see any farther than the ends of their noses, or had revealed the smallest enterprise in meeting the competition of the Hun. I admit it was not altogether their fault. They left things too much to the politicians—men without any business training, and to whom trade and commerce are disgusting subjects, to be dealt with only by the parrot maxims of the "Text Books." The vulgar claims of the counting-house and the shop are not allowed to intrude into the sacred realms of "high politics." As for the diplomat, he has been born and bred in a special, rarefied atmosphere of his own, and the quickest way to insult an Ambassador to a Foreign Court has been to ask him to interest himself in some project which would employ British capital and labour, and promote the trade interests of the country he represents—whilst our Consuls have often been men of German nationality!

Not the Right Men.

Let me be transparently frank. When certain appointments were announced I welcomed them as a step in the right direction. It was good to see the Prime Minister declining to limit the area of his choice to men whose only claim to office was of a political kind, whose sole qualification was a knowledge of Parliamentary procedure—and a certain glibness of speech. Make no mistake—it is not necessarily the case that because a man can talk he can act. There are men in the Ministry to-day who have had little or no experience of any great department of national industry, while there are others who have been called to assist in the government of the country in these times of danger and difficulty whose duties cover ground with which they are hopelessly and perilously unfamiliar. Apart from such of the principal offices as I have already mentioned, what sense, think you, is displayed in appointing a theatrical manager to an office which has to do with the rationing of sugar and the food control of hotels and restaurants? And wasn't it just asking for failure to give to a man whose sole knowledge of potatoes is the amount of fried chips a pound will produce, the important business of controlling the whole potato supply of the country? If it became necessary to deal with the question of man-power—or woman-power—in relation to the stage, I might call in a theatrical manager to give me the benefit of his advice; whilst the directors of restaurants might be useful in putting me up to the tricks of the trade were it necessary to deal with them in relation to the food

RNMENT TRAVESTY.

LE SCHEME to SAVE the PARTY SYSTEM

EDITOR.

of the people. But I repeat it is a travesty of the Business Government idea to call in a "business man" and put him to any job that comes along. A business man is not necessarily a genius; but where a man is an expert in some particular department of our national life, and he is deputed to give the advantage of his training and experience in specific matters, then you are approaching the true idea of Business Government. One of the latest appointments under the present comical "Business Government" is that of a man with some skill as an author and some experience as a play-producer, to the control of the paper mills of the country. And an Industrial Insurance director is Controller of Paper supplies! Could anything be more ridiculous? The publishing trade of the country is faced with grave inconvenience, not to say serious financial loss, and technical and business questions of great importance to men who have placed their capital in this industry—and to the public—call for discussion and decision. You might as well expect a lion-tamer to milk cows as to hope for any good results from conference with these Government officials—and their Departments crowded with assistants and clerks as thick as flies in summer-time. But all this multiplication of Director-Generals and Controllers is simply playing at government unless you have the right man at the head. Why did we do such wonderful things with the Army in the early days of the war? Because the War Secretary was a trained and tried soldier, a fighting man of great experience, of wide view, of vast technical knowledge. That is the type of man whom the Permanent Officials hate. He knows what he wants, why he wants it, and how to get what he wants. He goes ahead.

A Real Business Government.

It is not my desire to throw stones, and I am quite prepared to concede that every man in office to-day is doing his best according to his lights. But when I see such a muddle, for instance, as that of National Service, I realise the pathetic significance of the failure of the business man at a job for which he has neither aptitude nor experience. Because a man is the son of his father and as Lord Mayor of Birmingham has evinced considerable municipal enterprise, it is assumed that he is capable of tackling any job which the Prime Minister may choose to assign to him. What a fallacy! And what a sequel! I was given to understand that the War Cabinet was created in order that those who formed it might give their undivided attention to the prosecution of the war. And yet we find two of them—Lord Milner and Mr. Henderson—switched off to inquire into the working of this department of National Service —*a department not six months old!* Still people talk of our having a Business Government! If I know anything of business methods, the man who fails at his job is called upon to make room for someone who can succeed; but that is not the way in Whitehall. There you bolster up the bungler, you make excuses for the inefficient, you defend the defective—you do anything and everything but the right thing, which is to get rid of the man who has proved himself unequal to his job. Well, let us be practical. I want to help the Premier. Here are some appointments I suggest to him as his colleagues in a reconstructed Government:

Lord Chancellor	Mr. Asquith.
Secretary for War ..	Sir W. Robertson.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Sir J. Jellicoe.
Air Minister	Mr. Churchill.
Foreign Secretary ..	Mr. Balfour.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Sir Edward Holden.
Commerce Minister ..	Mr. Dudley Docker.
Munitions Minister ..	Lord Northcliffe.
Minister of Shipping ..	Mr. R. P. Houston.
Pensions Minister ..	Mr. J. M. Hogge.
Blockade Minister ..	Lord Beresford.
Food Minister	Lord Rothermere.
Dominions Minister ..	Lord Beaverbrook.
Secretary for Scotland ..	Sir Henry Dalziel.
Joint Irish Secretaries ..	Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond.

Why do I put forward these names? Because they are all men well fitted by education, training and experience for these particular posts; they are qualified for their jobs not by political claims but by practical tests. No man has shown greater capacity in war finance than Sir E. Holden, Chairman of the London City and Midland Bank. Above all men in the House Mr. Houston has revealed those gifts of far-sightedness in the matter of shipping which have been so fatally wanting at the Board of Trade. If we are to reap the commercial fruits of the war and rebuild the foundations of our Imperial trade, we must have a Commerce Minister —not a mere President of a mythical Board of Trade. My nominee is personally unknown to me. But I have watched his commercial career. I realise the soundness of his views; he is a strong Business Government man, and I know he has broad opinions in all trade matters, whilst as Chairman of the Metropolitan Carriage and Wagon Company of Birmingham he has proved himself, particularly since munitions were called for, to be a master of organisation. We want to make the Air Service worthy of the part it may soon be called upon to play not only in this but in future wars—it is to a man of courage and imagination like Mr. Churchill that I would commit the task of putting life and vigour into the machinery of the Department. And surely my suggestion for Ireland is worth considering—whilst the other names speak for themselves. And so I could go through the whole of the departments of the State, appointing only the politician where his knowledge and capacity fitted him for a post, and seeking in every walk of our national life the particular man singled out for the service of the State. I have devoted many years to preaching the doctrine of a Business Government, and I am not inclined to see judgment go against me by default. We shall have the real thing yet. The lads from the trenches, the wounded and the bereaved, will see to that.

AN UNFAITHFUL STEWARD.

NEGLECTFUL LANDLORD HELPS THE FOOD FAMINE.

We are informed that the ancestors of Mr. Henry Brigham Douglas Vanderstegen, of Cane End House, Kidmore, near Reading, "came over" with William of Orange in 1688, and it seems that in the interval the family has learned very little and forgotten quite a lot. We have a bone to pick with Mr. Vanderstegen. Indeed, he is quite an old acquaintance; as long ago as November, 1911, we had occasion to reprove him—for leaving a dead horse unburied in a field, for pigs and dogs to eat. That, of course, was in the piping times of peace. Things are now greatly changed, but not so Mr. Vanderstegen. While suburban householders are cutting up their lawns for potato-growing, Mr. Vanderstegen's Kidmore estate, estimated at over a thousand acres, has fallen into a sorry state of neglect. Owing to absence of gates and neglect of fences, his cattle stray on to the road and on to neighbouring properties. His hedges are overgrown. His ricks are unthatched, and his cottages out of repair; and, what is more to our present purpose, his land is foul and impoverished and its food-raising possibilities impaired to an appalling degree. The estate of the Vanderstegens is a blot on the landscape. It is also a mockery of the nation's needs. The owner of these wasted acres is living up to his reputation. The Vanderstegen who to-day leaves valuable agricultural machinery—reapers, binders, threshing machines—rusting in his fields, is the Vanderstegen who, six years ago, allowed his pork to fatten on putrid horse-flesh. Still he recognises no law but his own eccentric whim. The interests of his neighbours, the demands of national necessity, count for less than nothing. For breaches of his public duty, he has several times been convicted and fined by the Caversham Bench, upon which, until the date of our earlier exposure, he sat as a Justice of the Peace—but the man is impervious to censure. Nor, apparently, is he susceptible to the appeal of patriotism; last year many of his hayricks remained unthatched, and acres of his potatoes rotted in the ground. We understand that a report on these scandalous conditions has been furnished to the Government at the instance of the Oxfordshire War Agricultural Committee, and it is to be hoped that strong action may soon be taken. There is but one effective remedy. Mr. Vanderstegen is indifferent to public opinion, deaf to the call of patriotism, heedless of reasoned remonstrance. Coercion must, therefore, be applied. If the present owner will not work the land in the public interest, it must be taken out of his slothful charge and handed over to people who will. The time has gone by when any man can be permitted to lord it over idle acres, hindering the vital task of food-production, contributing by his neglect and folly to the hardships of his fellow-citizens. The information we have gathered is at the disposal of the authorities, who should lose no time in applying the jack-boot of compulsion to the family seat of the Vanderstegens.

AN AMAZING SCANDAL.

POLICE BURGLARIES AT EDINBURGH.

For several months shopkeepers in certain parts of Edinburgh were puzzled to account for the mysterious shrinkage of their stocks. A great quantity missing at one time would have pointed at once to a burglary, but this was a case of the stocks simply melting steadily away. In several instances blame fell upon the assistants, some of whom were dismissed upon suspicion of theft. But the true explanation was farther to seek. Finally the detective staff in the city got to work, and one night two of them secreted themselves in the premises of Mr. Pennycook, a Provision Merchant, in Nicolson Street. The trap was successful. In the course of the night the door was quietly opened, and into the detectives' hands walked Police-Sergeant Sim, one of the best-known members of the Edinburgh Police Force, a man with 26 years' service, and one who has won many honours throughout the length and breadth of the land as a swimming champion. The detectives were amazed when they discovered who their man was. Still more amazed were they when they visited his house and obtained evidence of the wholesale lines on which the thefts had been conducted. A vast store of provisions was found. Clearly this was no case of a temporary lapse from honesty, but that of a police-officer who systematically robbed the shops on his beat which it was his duty to watch. Even now the identity of the culprit is not generally known, for when Sim was charged at the City Police Court—the Sheriff Court of Edinburgh—the utmost secrecy invested the proceedings. For the credit of the Edinburgh Constabulary, it seems to have been determined at all costs to "keep the case out of the newspapers." The local Press were silent on the matter. Meanwhile, although the defendant was charged with a formidable list of thefts and burglarious entries—he is said to have had skeleton keys to some 50 shops on his beat—the Sheriff was disposed to leniency. It would never do to send this policeman-burglar to prison or to commit him for trial to the High Court of Justiciary, with the publicity inevitably attaching to such proceedings. The case must be disposed of quietly; consequently, Police Sergeant Sim, despite the gravity of the charge, was allowed to go scot-free, on condition that he should join the Army. We understand that he is now training with a Scottish regiment, the officers of which are probably quite ignorant of his criminal record. Apparently the rascal has not even been compelled to refund the value of his booty, amounting, as we understand, to some hundreds of pounds. Altogether, a most amazing case, upon which before very long we may have a little more to say. For the present we will confine ourselves to pointing to the obvious danger of permitting a case of this kind to be hushed up. Our police hold a position of unique responsibility and trust, and whenever that trust is betrayed an example should be made of the offender in the public interest.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Oh, Hindenburg's a wondrous man,
Who acts in strict accord to plan;
But who'd have thought his soldiers had
Been ordered to squeal "Kamarad"?

Brave soldiers who've done gallant deeds
Should not be stigmatised as "weeds,"
Rather, in their maimed limbs we see
The very flower of chivalry.

'Twixt Robertson and Chamberlain
That there are different aims is plain:
We trust—since there's so much at stake—
The first will keep all he can take.

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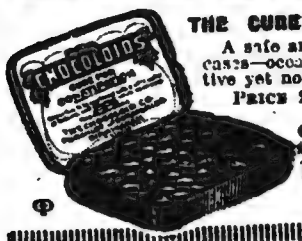

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ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

Hereunder
Lyeth
Ye boanes of one
William Kent,
A master builder
And member of ye Ampthill Guardians,
Whoo,
Together wyth two of hys minions,
Charles Gooding,
A shopkeeper,
And
Arthur Farmer,
A firewoode dealer,
Became infamous
Inne ye third yeare of ye World Warre,
Notwythstandynge ye fact
Thatte ye Hunnes were exertynge themselves
Mightilie
Toe sinke our food shippes ;
And thatte inne consequence thereof
Ye shadowe of deathe and famine lay
On ye lande ;
Moreover,
Ignorynge ye hideous fact
Thatte British prisoners inne Germanie.
Were beynge systematically starved ;
Scornynge,
Lykewyse,
Ye expresse commandes
Of ye Food Controller,
Ye whyche enjoyned economie inne breade—
Hee,
Ye sayed William Kent,
Showed hyselfe wythout patriotism
And wythout conscience
Bye
Surrepticiouslie supplyinge
Fiftie loaves of breade a day
Toe ye Hunne enemies
Interned atte Woburn.
Hee,
Toegether wyth hys despicable satellites,
Was charged under ye Defence of Ye Realme Act
Atte Woburn Pettie Sessions,
And fined Fourtie Poundes
Wyth ye alternative,
If hee fayled toe produce ye cash,
Of six months' imprisonmente.
Hithertoe respected
As a Guardian of ye Poore,
Havynge proved hymselfe toe bee
An unfaythfull guardian
Of hys country's interests,
Hys name became
A reproach and a byword
Inne ye place wherein hee hadde lived
And swanked itt wyth ye beste.
Stricken wyth chagrin,
Hee died,
And hys place knew hym no more.

Hee, once too free wyth precious breade,
Perchance may finde, now hee is deade,
That dooynge what hee didn't oughter
Is punished by a want of water.

THE HAPPY HUN.

I'm an uninterned Sherman
Mit moneys to spend,
Und I haf of a time—
'Vot you call it?—no end!
Vhere from comes mein cash
I vos voolish to tell,
Und if you should ask me
I say "Go to—well!"

Mein frau und mein kinder
Live in der Sows-Vest,
In a nice leedle 'ouse,
Und are alvays vell-dressed;
In gomfort und zafety
Dey dvell at deir ease,
Un'indered dey go,
Und dey do as dey blease!

I'm too old to fight
'Vor mein dear Faderland,
But to damage der foes
I am lending a 'and;
I stardt all der rumours
Of Bridisch defeats,
Und mein frau lies der same
To der neighbours she meets.

Vhen news of der zinking
Of ships reach our ears,
Ve 'ail de occasion
Mit laughter und cheers;
Mit praise of der U boats
Mein kinder are loud,
Und make deir fond fader
Und mutter zo proud!

Ve read in der bapers
'Ow food is zo short,
Pecause zome are eating
Mooch more dan dey ought;
Ve turn to our breakfast
Mit redoubled zest,
Und eat till ve're full
Of der choicest und best!

Der Bridisch are rationed
By 'otels und shops;
Ve eat unrestricted
Our steaks und our chops!
Botatoes, 't is said,
Should be left to der poor;
But, pelieve me or nod,
Ve haf nefer 'ad more!

I'm too old to fight,
But can still lend a 'and
In grushin' der foes
Of mein dear Faderland;
For, while I am free
I can vork to defeat
Der Bridisch, by vasting
More food dan I eat!

W. M.

JOHN BULL LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that the Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from the 18th April to the 2nd May (both dates inclusive), for the purpose of the preparation of dividend warrants.

By Order of the Board,

COLES L. HARRIS, *Secretary.*

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Yours faithfully, Robt. G. Walker (Capt..)

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(April 21, 1917.)

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Overcoming the Strain of War.

Sir William Robertson's Appeal.

That great soldier and organiser, General Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, has made a vigorous appeal to the British people. He has told us that although "a great strain has already been put upon us, we must be prepared for a still greater strain before we finish the war." But, says he, "I know you are ready to face that strain, and if we all face it, resolutely set our teeth, and are true to ourselves, we shall with God's help secure that freedom for which we have been compelled to fight."

True to Ourselves.

"If we are true to ourselves." What does this really mean? It means, surely, that we must, everyone of us, brace ourselves to withstand the strain that must inevitably come. Great things will be demanded of us. We must be prepared to meet them. In other words, we must make ourselves as fit and efficient as possible, and thus put ourselves in a position to meet all demands and to overcome all difficulties.

A New Magazine.

All who agree with this statement should most certainly get a copy of the special war issue of "Brain-Power" just issued. This is one of the most remarkable magazines ever printed. It deals with the whole question of personal efficiency in a new and original manner. And every reader of JOHN BULL who sends a post card to the address printed below will obtain a copy of this journal by return of post, absolutely free.

Winning the Victory.

This magazine of 32 illustrated pages shows you how, by following a simple yet scientific plan, you can greatly increase your mental faculties and capabilities and double or treble your income-earning powers. It shows you how you can develop your Initiative, Powers of Concentration, Organising Ability, Judgment, Will-Power, and secure a perfect memory. It shows you how you can make your mind absolutely efficient. It shows you how you can acquire just those powers which enable men and women to become successful in the world.

Followed by Thousands.

The method described in this magazine is followed to-day by thousands of soldiers and sailors of all ranks and ratings. Admirals and Able Seamen, Generals and Privates, all vie with each other in praising the effect of this marvellous system. Letters from business and professional men, barristers, shopkeepers, clerks, soldiers and sailors, business women in large numbers, are printed in its pages. They show most conclusively that any reader who follows this plan can gain rapid promotion to a higher position and to a higher income-earning power in life.

Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand!

The system explained in these fascinating pages is one which has already been practised with the most successful results by nearly 250,000 men and women. It is a system of scientific mind and memory training which is taught through the post by expert instructors. It can be practised everywhere, in the trenches, in offices, in railway trains, and at home. It only occupies a few minutes per day, or an hour or so a week. It is much more fascinating than any game of skill, and yet when you have gone through the course you find yourself vastly more efficient in your special line of life than you were before.

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Incomes multiplied by 3.

And it is just the same in business life. Amongst the results reported—sometimes after only a few weeks—by those who are following this system are "Income trebled," "Salary increased 300%," "Turnover doubled," "Rise of £145," "Salary doubled," "Business greatly increased," "Turnover beaten all records," "Prize of £250 won," "Rapid promotion secured," and many other similarly striking improvements gained. Write for "Brain-Power" to-day and see how you can secure just the same results yourself.

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Besides training your mind to a state of super-efficiency this course gives you the opportunity of training your body as well. For Mr. Eustace Miles, the famous athlete and health culturist, has incorporated in the system a complete course of health exercises which is much appreciated by those who have followed it.

Thirty-two Valuable Pages.

But in any case you ought to get "Brain-Power," and read it. Its 32 pages are crammed with valuable and interesting matter. An article on Lloyd George by "Cross Bench" has already created a sensation in the political world. But more valuable still is the expert information printed in this magazine which shows you how you can eliminate from your mind all such faults and weaknesses as Forgetfulness, Want of Initiative, Brain-Fag, Weak Will, Tactlessness and so on, and develop in their place just those qualities which are in the greatest demand in the world to-day and which will enable you to rise to a high position in life and to secure correspondingly high rewards.

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[ADVT.

PRESCRIPTION FOR INDIGESTION.

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Unless she can please the eye—and she ought to please—a woman's charms will blush unseen and waste their sweetness. Many an attractive woman secretly improves her complexion by a prescription containing about 1 grain of gentian extract and ½ grain of dried iron sulphate combined with just a trace of nux-vomica, charcoal, and calcium sulphide made into a tablet. The dose is one or two after each meal. This prescription is noted for the way it improves health as well as beauty in either men or women, and besides removing sallowness and giving a clear complexion, is useful in removing acne or blackheads, certain forms of eczema, eruptions, and pimples on the face and body. Commence treatment with a box containing 72 tablets (1/1½) or 144 tablets (1/11). (Prescription No. 442.)

Health for the Middle-Aged.

By SEYMOUR TAYLOR, M.D.

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Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and cooling properties.
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Will help you over the stile.
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Relieves the spasmodic cough and shortness of breath. Can be used in conjunction with other remedies.
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Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar
You cannot enjoy either tobacco alcohol, or drugs with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall.
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Medicinal Carbolic, Nux Vomica, Rhubarb, Capsicum, Gentian.
Non-purgative, tonic, antiseptic. With directions. Price 1/1½ (72), 1/11 (144).

I dispense the above post free (abroad extra). If you wish for our free lists of remedies PLEASE ASK FOR THEM, as otherwise the Board of Trade regulations prohibit us from sending them.

Address: Mr. WILLIAM SHADFORTH, Pharmaceutical Chemist
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Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' wear 2d. & 3d. per pair.
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Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name-Paton's E58

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Tommy spends hours of his time behind the "lines" trying to rid himself of his trench "companions."
Changing and washing are not sufficient—circumstances are all against that. He wants something that goes to the root of the trouble.
Send him a box of Vertroy Vermin Killer and help to keep him comfortable.

VERTROY Vermin Killer

If you are troubled with insect pests get a box to-day, and sprinkle the powder everywhere where the insects congregate. You will be astonished at the death roll. Vertroy and insects don't agree—and Vertroy wins always.
Sold in 3d., 6d., 1s. and larger boxes. Of all stores, or 1s. also post free from the makers.

W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 19.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

When Carpentier had yet to come into his kingdom, when we were merely speculating as to the future of the remarkable French boy, and when he was preparing for his first championship (Jim Sullivan had agreed to fight him at Monte Carlo) I remember asking him who, up to that moment, was the best Englishman he had met. In his quick, quiet way he replied "Sid Burns." I am reminded of the conversation I had with Carpentier by reason of Burns—of whom we have heard little or nothing for ever such a long time—bobbing up during the Easter holidays and beating the ex-amateur Ashdown in a way that set many wondering whether he would come back to take a place among the best boxers of the day. Burns is still a very young man, but I am not among those who believe that the boxer who has been on the shelf is able to "come back" and to live his most successful days all over again. However, the likelihood is that he will be given quite as many matches as his military duties will permit.

And about the much debated question of life in the Army, so far as it has to do with professional boxing: I have officiated at more boxing tournaments, confined almost entirely to soldiers, than any other referee. I speak from a very long experience, and I unhesitatingly say that the great majority of professional boxers who have joined the Army are week in and week out leading a better life than ever they did before—that is, they are getting more fresh air, and more natural exercise. The other day I saw Sergt. Billy Wells. Never have I seen him look so well or so positive, without his proclaiming the fact, that he is pounds better than at any other time in his life. When next he enters the ring we shall see a different Wells.

Members of the Music Hall profession are enthusiastic supporters of boxing. It is not surprising to hear that the Music Hall Championships are going to take place at the N.S.C. The night of the 7th of June has been fixed for the great event, with the inimitable George Graves as the Chairman of the Committee.

"Peggy" Bettinson, having been deeply impressed by what I said about able-seaman Hall in last week's JOHN BULL, is to give a trial at the N.S.C. to this splendid sailor-boxer. Corporal Attwood, of the Canadian Regiment, is to be Hall's opponent, and if those present at headquarters when the try out takes place are not favourably impressed I shall be surprised.

The wife of a soldier, after reading one of those warnings against spies, sat tight and glum in a railway carriage in which were a Frenchman and his wife. Said the Frenchman to Mrs. Tommy, as the train steamed over the bridge into Victoria, "Pardon, madam, ze Thames, eh?" "Blowed if I know," was the reply.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"POSTAL AND TELEGRAPH RECORD":—
"A day or so ago we found our Financial Secretary with an opened envelope in one hand and the BROADEST OF SMILES IN THE OTHER!"

"HALIFAX DAILY GUARDIAN":—
"Although Congress has yet to complete its debates, AMERICA to day is practically AT WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL":—
"Persistent efforts yielded an EQUALISING goal after 23 minutes. Half-time:—
BIRMINGHAM 1, ALBION 0."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—
"ALL the officers were SAVED, but ONE WAS KILLED and 28 are MISSING AND ARE PRESUMED DROWNED."

"BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS":—
"The jury returned a verdict that the child was BORN ON MARCH 20TH and DIED ON APRIL 2ND, but there was not sufficient evidence to show whether or not it was BORN ALIVE."

"BURNLEY NEWS":—
"A pretty and interesting wedding was solemnised . . . . . The bride was attended —— and —— ALL BEING VERY STRONGLY UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRINK."

"SATURDAY POST" (Dundee):—
"THE PRIME MINISTER and MR. LLOYD GEORGE were BOTH present."

"ANSWERS":—
"She went to bed, WITHOUT SLEEPING, and WOKE with a splitting headache."

Take Care of Your Skin.

LADIES who use Ven-Yusa daily describe it as *giving their skin an oxygen bath*, clearing the complexion, and imparting Nature's own youthful bloom to the face, neck and arms.

The refreshing and rejuvenating help of Ven-Yusa is really necessary nowadays to protect and preserve the skin's natural softness.

Non Greasy
VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream.

1/- per jar of Chemists and Stores or from C. B. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

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Send a post-card at once to H. Samuel for his BIG FREE BOOK of 3,000 BARGAINS in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices. Handsome Free Prizes for all buyers. Full month's trial allowed. WRITE TO-DAY!

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Fight Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health; and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

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Make up for lack of exercise in winter by taking a teaspoonful every morning of

Kkovah Health Salt

Makes you fit—keeps you fit.
From Grocers, Stores, and all Boots' Branches
in 6d. and 1s. tins.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.
Include a tin in the next parcel you send to the boys at the Front.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

Catterick Camp Again.

We are afraid that we have dished up Catterick *ad nauseam*. We refer to it again merely for the purpose of stating that it is still the only camp over here that resembles Ruhleben in Germany; but nobody seems to care a cuss about it.

A "Grand" Insult.

An order has been published in Hastings stating that, by request of the management, the Grand Hotel, on the Grand Parade, is placed out of bounds at all hours to all N.C.O.s and men of the Canadian Forces. The Canucks have sent us variegated—though mostly red—views concerning this bar from the bar. We wonder what the Hastings civilians think of it.

A Word for the Castaways.

As Mr. Bonar Law is keen to get discharged men back to the Colours, we suggest that he should order a revision of the cases of all officers who have been gazetted out of the service, or relegated to the reserve, as a result of the iniquitous "confidential report" system. If he does so, he will discover some fine material that is going to waste.

The Poor Padre.

Combatant Officers joining the Army are allowed £50 towards their outfit and equipment; the "Temporary Chaplain" is granted £10—and, though he starts with the rank of Captain, he gets but 10s. a day. A Doctor, however, commences service as a Lieutenant, and is given 24s. a day consolidated pay. Why should there be such a difference in the treatment of the men who cure souls, compared with that meted out to the men who cure bodies?

Endangering the Army.

We are still enlisting the "stiffs"—such as a man (practically blind, according to the report of an oculist) particulars of whose case have been forwarded to us. He went before a travelling Medical Board, was not examined, but was raised from a low category to Class A—which means the most exacting form of service. The victim remarks that, on account of his infirmity, he may either be killed himself, or, if placed on guard duty, may be instrumental in having his pals killed. We agree it is the wooden-headed system which is to blame for such atrocities.

Calling Up the Crocks.

We much sympathise with the victims of the new law, devised to call again to the Colours men who have done their duty and been invalided out on account of wounds or serious illness. It must be very cheering news for Germany and her Allies that we have to rake our hospitals and convalescent homes to obtain men to fight. If the Government are not as timid as the fellows whom they allow to hide in funk holes, they would at once take the case in both hands and call up the hundreds of thousands of fit fellows of military age and good stamina who have up to the present escaped the net. Tommy will have much to say when he comes marching home.

A Memo. from Woolwich.

A complaint reaches us, signed by several soldiers in the Q-F. Cartridge Factory, No. 1, Woolwich, who have "been through it and got hurt," that they are put on the roughest jobs at lower wages than the women, though all of them are married. They also regard it as "a downright shame" that a great number of A1 men, who have done nothing under the colours, are still employed in the factory. The Minister of Munitions had better have a look in.

Gave them the Needle.

A town on the Suffolk coast is classed as a naval base; and some of the crews of the trawlers and drifters complain to us that they were sent to sea the day after they were vaccinated—the result of their hard duties being that they underwent unnecessary pains. One old tar concludes his letter by remarking that the Huns would not treat their prisoners worse—and we are inclined to agree.

The Yacht Patrol.

The men of this service ask us to supplement our recent protest about their treatment, by calling for an Admiralty investigation. If such an inquiry is held, we can promise Sir Edward Carson that he will discover that the men of the patrol are at a great disadvantage in many directions, compared with their mates in other branches of the service.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

E. W. (Tottenham) and Many Others.—You are entitled to an increase under the new scheme, and in due time will receive it, with arrears. The machinery for dealing with the matter is not yet completed.

Mrs. J. W. M. (Mitcham).—I communicated on your behalf with the Authorities, and by now you will have received your money. The fault lay with yourself, as you did not notify your change of address.

A. E. N. (Kildare).—I pointed out the error to the Board, and the matter will be immediately rectified.

W. W. (Finsbury Park) and Others.—The money, having been issued in error, must be refunded. It will be taken back in small weekly sums.

Mrs. T. S. (Portsmouth).—The sum granted is the maximum. I have sent your case to the Admiralty, in the hope that you will be granted a compassionate allowance.

Driver Smith (Sheffield).—No need for such a fuss. I returned your pay-book, which was sent back to me, you not being known at the address you first gave. I have had the financial matter settled—no doubt to your satisfaction.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

A Debt to Jack.

The widow of a petty officer R.N. has five children depending for support upon her casual work. She is in ill health, and must keep to her bed. The case was brought to our notice and she promptly benefited through our Fund.

One of the Many Unfit.

Discharged without pension, and unable to work, a man returned to his wife and two children to find that the former—who supported the house—was in bed ill. The home fires were not burning, nor had the family any food until we came to the rescue.

Help for the Helpless.

One son of a widow was drowned on a ship which was torpedoed. Her remaining son, who was discharged from the Army with consumption, died in a London hospital. She was unable to bury him, so we came to her aid.

Where We Came In.

Another woman, the wife of a soldier, lost her child in February, and a few weeks afterwards her second infant died. She received inadequate assistance from the public fund which is supposed to benefit such cases, but we did the rest for her.

From Khaki to Hawking.

A man, made physically unfit during training, was discharged, unable to work. The only means of support for himself, his wife and four children consisted of 10s. insurance money, which, however, had been cut off when he applied to us for help to obtain a hawker's licence and stock. Of course, we complied with his request.

A Case of Neglect.

A man, suffering from shell-shock, got leave to see his wife, who is dangerously ill. On account of neglect on the part of the regimental authorities, he was without money. We gave him the assistance of which he stood in need, and had financial matters settled for him with his regiment.

A Very Sad Case.

A man, over military age, was pulled into the Army and attached to a labour unit. Less than four months before his enlistment he lost two of his children, whilst his brother and two brothers-in-law have been killed at the front. The poor fellow's mind gave way under this accumulation of troubles, and he ended his life by poison after a few days' service. He was uninsured, and his widow appealed to us for help to bury him, which, of course, we sent—the Military authorities, by the way, having refused all assistance. The woman is left with five children, and no money is coming into the home. If our readers care to earmark contributions for the benefit of this poor woman, we shall be glad to forward the sums to her immediately.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. M. A. MacC., 1s. 1d.; Collected by Men of 23 and 26 Messes, H.M.S. *Crescent*, 6s.; W. B. (Nuneaton), 4s.; Mrs. J. R. (Orieff), 1s. 2d.; F. M. G. (Derby), 11s.; C. M. B. (Rochford), 2s.; J. W. (Argyll), 2s. 3d.; Pte. E. L., 5s.; "From a Few Patients, Mt. Vernon Military Hospital, Hampstead," 7s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Lincs.), 1s.; C. H. (Sierra Leone), 1s. 4d.; "Dorrie," 2s.; "Two of a Tug-Boat in France," Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £5; "Rae," 10s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; H. W. H. (Devon.), 2s. 6d.; Proceeds of "Swear Box" in Orderly Room No. 14, I.R.D. (France), 5s.; G. C. (H.M.S. *Mars*), 10s.; Mrs. V. M., 1s.; J. S., 10s.; Anon (parcel); J. S. K. (Sask), 1s. 3d.; W. P. L. (Hampton Hill), 10s. 6d.; J. W. (Bournemouth), 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; L. H. (Plymouth), 5s.; D. L. (Tealing), 5s.; E. B. (Anerley), 5s.; "A Proud Salopian," 5s.; W. J. W. (Lancaster), 10s.; B. M. H., £5; "Three Canadian Petty Officers, 3 dollars; E. P. (Bristol), 1s.; Mrs. A. C. (Newcastle), 1s.; Mrs. H. S., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Shakyt," 10s.; "Themestocles," 10s.; Master Officers and Crew of s.s. *Elmsgarth* (per A. R.), £3 3s. 6d.; "An Admirer of John Bull," 1s.; Master, Officers and Crew of s.s. *Hermione*, £11 6s.; A. H., 2s. 4d.; A. M. (S. Newington), 1s.; C. Y., 1s.; G. W. W. (Stretford), 3d.; H. S., 1s.; M. W. (Ealing), 2s.; A. H. G., 6d.; "Montcagle," 10s.; "Red Dragon," £1; "Bunny Rabbit," 10s.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; R. F. C., 10s.; "A Soldier's Wife, Mother and Sister," 5s.; W. E. T., 1s.; "Father and Five Sons Serving," 5s.; "A Cleaner," 1s.; R. A. S., 2s.; St. Helen's Young Men's Bible Class," £5; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "Hampsteadean," 2s. 6d.; "S. African Railway Guard," 5s.

Mr. F. R. George, the winner of the £1,000 prize in our 229th "Bulletin" Competition, has kindly sent us £10, whilst Miss Florence Donald, the winner of our 230th competition, has forwarded £2 2s.

HOW HOSPITALS CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY & BLADDER DISORDERS

Alice Landles, qualified nurse, says, Drink ordinary saltrated water for permanent results.

This is the time hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold winter months a heavy, heat-producing diet is the rule, and the system becomes loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste and poisonous impurities, which clog the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow stomach, kidney, bladder, and skin troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, backache, catarrh, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy, and Bright's disease. Toxins and bacteria excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of disease-resisting vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you are irritable, sleep badly, and have weak nerves from over-work, worry, etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. Otherwise you could not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a level teaspoonful of common refined *alkia saltrates* in a half tumbler of water, and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. This pleasant-tasting and remarkably curative substance can be supplied at slight cost by any good chemist.—A. L.

Recuperate at NORBRECK HYDRO.

Let the bracing Westerly Breezes banish your cares and bring back the glow of health. Norbreck Hydro—just 10 minutes' ride from Blackpool—is the ideal place for rest, health or pleasure. The Hydro has half a mile of sea shore in its own grounds; 350 Bedrooms; Dining room to seat 500; Tennis, Bowling, Croquet, Golf, Dancing, Concerts, Billiards, etc.

Write for Hydro Journal with tariff, and what happens at Norbreck, to: J. H. Shorrocks, Norbreck Hydro, near Blackpool.

On the Verge of Collapse.

War Worker Cured of Stomach and Liver Trouble.

Mr. Norris.

Mr. FRANK NORRIS, of 49, Lorraine Road, Holloway Road, London, N., says: "My whole body was in pain. It gripped me across the back, it was in my chest and just over the kidneys it was just like something stabbing me. I was in pain when I set out in the morning, and it never ceased all the day. Another trouble was palpitation, caused by wind. It was no use trying to diet myself; I suffered whatever I ate. After months of this suffering I was terribly weak and run-down; indeed, I thought I should have to give up work. Nothing I tried did any good till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They brought relief almost at once. I got better rapidly, and soon was in excellent health. Now, under stress of over-work, I take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they keep me well."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the safest and most effective home treatment for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
Spinal Weakness	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Loss of Flesh
Neurasthenia	Indigestion	Brain Fag.

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

BEWARE of Imitations said to contain hypophosphites. The composition of Dr. Cassell's Tablets is known only to the Proprietors, and no imitation can ever be the same.

IF FEELING RUN DOWN trust to Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Take two at night and note how well you sleep, how fresh you feel next morning. Take a course and be made anew.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF.

DON'T HAVE PEOPLE SHOUT AT YOU!

. . . If you are afflicted with defective hearing don't let your presence remain a burden upon your relatives, friends and business associates.

. . . With the aid of a wonderful little instrument which magnifies sound like a lens can magnify objects, deaf people can hear—perfectly. Not only can they hear clearly words spoken to them in the ordinary course of conversation, but they can hear even such minute sounds as the ticking of a watch. And they can do this without undue strain or effort.

Stols Electrophone

is remarkable not only for the *vigour* with which it intensifies sounds, but also for the *distinctness* with which those sounds are rendered. With a Stols Electrophone a deaf person can catch every syllable, and can appreciate every tone and inflection of voice on the part of the person who is speaking or singing. And instrumental and other sounds are rendered with equal faithfulness.

. . . The Stols Electrophone is not bulky or cumbersome, and in use it is

NO MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN EYEGLASSES ARE TO WEAR.

. . . As a relief to those afflicted with deafness this instrument is of a value beyond mere price—yet it is within reach of every purse. And it can be had on

15 DAYS' TRIAL BEFORE PURCHASE.

. . . Civilians suffering from deafness, and soldiers whose hearing has been affected by heavy firing, should write or call immediately for full particulars of this wonderful invention, and the LIBERAL TRIAL OFFER which is now being made.

The STOLS ELECTROPHONE Co. (1914), Ltd.
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8, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C.2

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REPRESENTATIVES REQUIRED IN ALL BIG CITIES.

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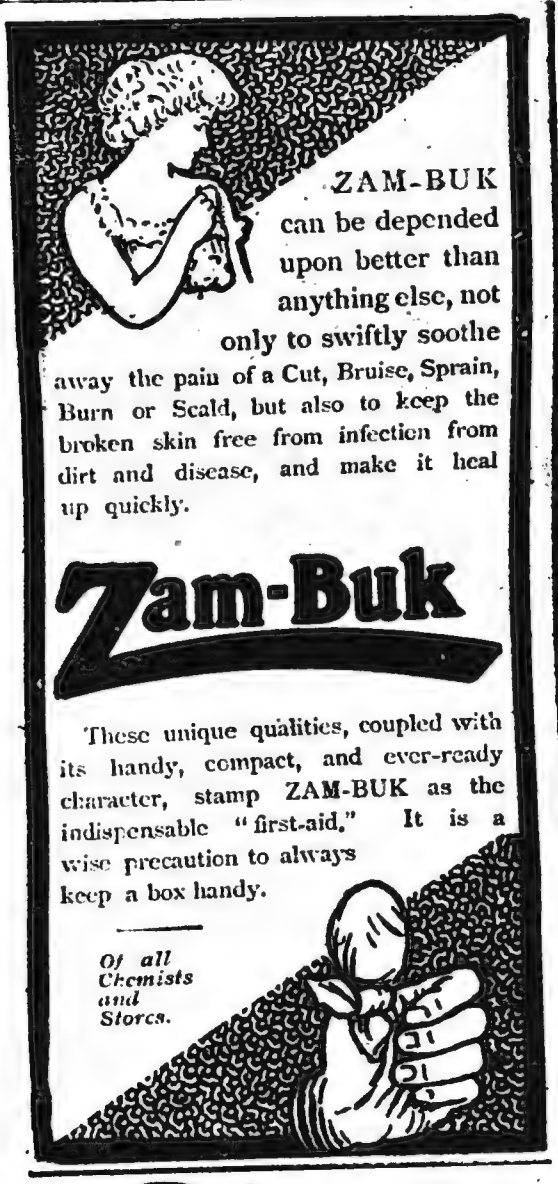
ZAM-BUK can be depended upon better than anything else, not only to swiftly soothe away the pain of a Cut, Bruise, Sprain, Burn or Scald, but also to keep the broken skin free from infection from dirt and disease, and make it heal up quickly.
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These unique qualities, coupled with its handy, compact, and ever-ready character, stamp ZAM-BUK as the indispensable "first-aid." It is a wise precaution to always keep a box handy.
Of all Chemists and Stores.

"I spent the winter in the Trenches and learned to fully appreciate a cup of good Cocoa during that experience. Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa is like our soldiers, hard to beat."
Capt. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

FREEMANS CUSTARD
There's nothing else quite so good.
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INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION

Rid your System easily and naturally of all poisonous wastes by taking the Dr. Young Tablets and performing the simple, easy, yet scientific exercises shown in the famous Dr. Young Booklet "My System." You need "My System" to learn how to keep free from Indigestion, Constipation and kindred complaints. The Dr. Young Tablets are invaluable for the elimination of all stomach and bowel troubles.

Send 61. for a sample box of Dr. Young Tablets, and a copy of "My System" will be included free by the Dr. Young Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 2), Sun Buildings, Leeds.

DR. YOUNGS TABLETS

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

C. S. M. (B.E.F.).—Surely by now you understand that the prolongation of the war was due to the ineptitude of the late Government. *Now* we shan't be long!

E. E. B. and Others.—No, we have never promised to give every British soldier a shilling if the war is not over in a specified period. That would be encouraging them to prolong it.

G. W. M. (Stamford Hill, N.).—Your political faith appears to be a trifle mixed. You point with approval at the Russian Revolution and then go on to say: "Does the King reign? If so, why does he not *rule?*" His Majesty reigns right enough, but it is up to the people to do the ruling.

J. W. (Mersea).—We have reason to believe that our suggestion to "Close the North Sea" is receiving the serious consideration of the authorities.

"Snooker" (London, E.C.).—The Hidden Hand hasn't quite such a grip here as it had in Russia, but it is sufficiently tenacious. Lord knows what Prince Christopher of Greece has been doing in London lately.

E. E. (Ipswich).—What, start a daily John Bull in these hard times? Hasn't news of the paper shortage reached Ipswich yet? It seems "quite safe" to sign on for National Service. Nobody who can do anything (barring the women) appears to be called up to do it.

"Lolly."—"Is it true the bobys are to look in our cupboards? If so . . . we wil down with Lord Devonpot. We are not Germans." So long as the "bobys" don't look into the cupboards where most of us keep our skeletons, all will be well.

"Tempus" (Leicester Square, W.) suggests a tax on wearing apparel. We should all be casting clouts long before May was out.

Mrs. M. E. R. (Montrose).—Apparently the Ministry of Munitions don't care to adopt your proposal to use snuff for "tear shells." 'Snuff said.

"Well Wisher" (Dover).—All glory, praise, and honour to the kindly Dover lady who for the last two years has run a "tuck shop" at a loss for the benefit of soldiers and sailors.

Mrs. "Regular Reader" (Wymondham).—Nor does it "go down" with us "to see fine fat curates going about perfectly at ease, at the expense of our sons at the Front."

Mrs. E. L. W. (Eastleigh).—Yours is an excellent idea. All excess supplies found in the cupboards of food hoarders to be distributed free amongst soldiers' wives whose cupboards are bare. You are a brave woman to refrain from complaining to your man while he is fighting at the Front.

C. L. (Grahamstown, S.A.).—No wonder Lord Kitchener treated you with contempt if you offered to show him how to win the war in exchange for payment of £4,600,000. Sure the South African sun is not too strong for you?

Mr. R. (Newhaven).—As the Board of Invention does not require your contrivance, you may sell to whom you please—except to the Huns.

Mrs. M. B. (Camberley).—See no harm in soldiers in lonely quarters enjoying a modest dance. London Society dances at extravagant expense; Tommy's shilling hop is different.

"Beeston" (Leeds).—"Every time the girls mention John Bull the teacher gets right snappy, and says, 'Never mind John Bull.'" As long as she says nothing worse, we don't care.

F. R. B. (Grays).—We think all sailors, naval and merchant, should travel at ordinary rail fares—if not less. Except for joy rides.

Mrs. O. (Bournemouth).—You point out that, although the Government are "bawling out for everyone to grow vegetables," soldiers in England cannot obtain leave to "do their gardens."

"A Scottie" (Hosp., Edgbaston).—Every fit Object to the trenches would be our order.

"Sheffield."—"The sentry over the German prisoners informed me that, though he carried a rifle, it was not loaded, as those handsome Huns were most docile." The sentry was engaged in the pastime vulgarly known as kidding you.

"Johnnie Bullite." (Pontypridd).—"If Asquith's feet were in the fire and his hand on the hearthstone, which way would he push?" It was his fat that went in the fire, you know.

S. L. (Muswell Hill).—Tea is now 16 ozs. to the lb.—but the price is permitted to rise! Profiteering is not a game. It is a fine art.

F. G. (Green Room Club).—About that goat eating every paper but this, you suggest that even a goat could not swallow some of the things in John Bull! We do not mind a good joke at our own expense, so we smile with you, although the goat may be giving up luxuries during the war.

"Birmingham."—"Many dairies here have numbers of single men, under 30, exempt till August. But married men of 40, with 6 children, are called up." We would milk out the single dairymen first.

G. R. W. (W. Norwood).—That unctuous Rawson is howlingly funny on "treating" by "right thinking" in his mag. impertinently called "Active Service." But we must not advertise his rubbish.

D. C. (Coventry).—A one-man submarine which practically meant certain death for the man could not be employed by us. Plenty would volunteer, but nobody would order such suicide.

J. H. E. (Tottenham).—Yes, we do get rotten fish from Holland, but they say it's better for us to get it rotten than for Germany to get it fresh. After kicking ourselves, we wonder why we can't get it fresh.

J. H. C. (Leeds).—So you think all war profits should be "commandeered for the State." Perhaps you're right.

"Constant Reader" (East Herton).—Afraid we cannot publish your scheme for "reducing the demand for potatoes." Surely the main thing is to increase the supply.

"AN ADMIRER" (Dublin).—The Irish situation is most disquieting—but then it always was.

H. L. (Rangoon).—We needn't quibble about figures. The point is that far greater military use might have been made of the coloured races of the Empire, and with this contention you will surely agree.

J. B. (Boro' Road).—A Government official likes an enormous envelope. It reminds him of his own head—big and empty.

T. E. C. (Shepherd's Bush).—We would wear a belcher round our neck rather than send our collars to a laundry where a German had been taken on in place of a British laundryman called to the Colours.

G. M. (Long Eaton).—We were speaking of steamship stewards *qua* stewards. We mean the sort of stewards who clean out cabins, make beds, wait at table, and hand round the *mal de mer* basins. If these duties could not be as well performed by women, write us down an ass.

"EQUALITY FOR ALL" (Bramhall).—The total prohibition of cakes and pastry would spell the ruin of thousands of pastry cooks and confectioners. Lord Devonport's difficult job is to check consumption without driving too many businesses into bankruptcy.

A. H. M. (Rhos-on-Sea).—The Southwark councillor who said that "Travellers and vagrants are classed together now" probably thought he was smart, instead of which he was merely silly.

E. V. P. (Cromford).—Your war poem is rather awkward on its feet, and we don't like your reference to cheeks blanching when war was declared. We didn't see any blanching down our way.

D. H. (M. E. F.).—Ben Nevis, Scotland, is the highest mountain in the British Isles. We remembered that without looking it up.

"DISGUSTED."—You write like a dyspeptic, or a shirker who has had his final appeal dismissed.

A. C.—"The worst thing i ever done in my life was stole a 3d. bit an send it Back the next day i am glad i did so." What do you mean—glad you stole it, or glad you sent it back?

S. J. W. (Branksome).—Why not try to increase crops by a bit of Sunday work? The better the day, the better the dig.

"A READER."—Mrs. Pember Reeves believes there are hundreds of tons of good food in London dustbins. It's a great thought, only the wrong way up—for poor people have not food enough to put into their stomachs, let alone dustbins.

MRS. WEST (Sandringham Road).—Please forward your full address to our Pen Department.

"PERPLEXED."—"What is the difference between a square mile and a mile square?" Speaking on the square, as a square deal, there is none.

H. R. (Lerwick).—"Don't publish my address." Certainly not, nor anything else you tell us, until you give us some evidence in support of your grave assertions.

"RATS"—"Is Great Scott walking three miles barefoot on tintacks, with a nest of hornets to sit on, till the fire flies cut at his ears, to save shoe leather?" Politely we echo your *nom de plume*.

"PUTNEY LANDLADY."—For soldiers' rations that cost you 3s. 10d.—bread, butter, etc., extra—you were allowed only 10d. What food does the War Office expect for 5d. per man, for 24 hours?

A. M. C. (Teddington).—[illegible]y you have been swindled by [illegible]n sergeant's khaki, who told th[illegible] the tune of 7s. 6d. Other householders, please verify before parting.

"A POOR MAN" (Chepstow).—"I sometimes take in JOHN BULL." We never return the compliment, do we?

"CUSTOMER" (Longton).—Anybody of good character can get a licence to sell tobacco. But get your friends to stick to the shop of the man called up. And tell them to put a notice in the window.

D. W. (Padiham).—Your town seems a bad spot for patriots, unless they are on the Council—too many family arrangements, and too little respect for the soldier who has done his bit.

H. A. W. (Patricroft).—Postcards, "printed in Bavaria," are now smuggled into ½d. lucky bags for children. It shows the things are unsaleable, that's one comfort.

H. F. (R.N. Barracks).—The people at Mount Charles are asking, "Who is Mr. Tom Inch? Also where his sons are, not being in uniform?" Give a man an Inch of exemption, and he takes an Ell—of a lot.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO."—Policemen at Putney and Wandsworth are also compelled to neglect their allotments because refused permission to do duty in eight-hour shifts.

Mr. F. R. GEORGE (66, Stainford Street, Fratton, Portsmouth).—Glad to learn that the £1,000 "Bullets" prize went to a munitions worker. Good luck!

"JOHN BURNS" (Glasgow).—"Do you like this poetry?" It tickles us in three places.

"POOR RATEPAYER" (Bath).—"Advertise this as you think best." We have given it the run of the waste paper basket.

"OLE BILL" (East Ham).—"Lang may your lum reek." Thanks, old son. Here's all the skin off your nose!

"MONASTIC" (Worcestershire).—We should be glad to have fuller particulars of the matter you mention—your name to be kept in strict confidence.

"SERGEANT MAJOR" (Bangalore).—That was an amusing letter from the native carriage proprietor to the sergeant in your regiment. Wonder if you would get on as well with Sanskrit, Arabic, or any other Oriental tongue.

"A GAELIC BRITON" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Thanks for your "qualified admiration." Only the best of intentions can excuse your execrable opinions.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

FREE
This Beautiful 10/6 Photogravure Plate 22"×16½"
To the first 50,000 Purchasers of Part 1
About 1000 Superb Pictures
FORTNIGHTLY
"The Splendour of France."
Many Fine Coloured Plates

A £25,000 Publication.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, in his introduction, says "An Old French Proverb said that 'France is the fairest realm that exists except Heaven.'" **"THE SPLENDOUR OF FRANCE"** fully confirms the truth of this description. Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.'s new fortnightly publication, Part I. of which is now ready at all Stalls and Newsagents, price 8½d.

All that is romantic and interesting in France—her picturesque Towns and Villages—her grand Cathedrals, her famous old Chateaux—her glorious Scenery—her great Paintings and other Treasures of Art—are passed in review in this sumptuously illustrated and magnificently produced Part Work.

There will be 1,000 Illustrations, beautifully reproduced on most expensive **ART PAPER**, and many fine coloured plates, specially painted for the work by L. BURLEIGH BRUHL and other famous Artists.

The Letterpress is being written by eminent authorities, and as the work will be dealt with geographically, the last parts will be just as interesting as the first.

When bound, the work will make two sumptuous volumes, which, though costing but a few shillings, will remain a lasting treasure in thousands of British homes—a fitting compliment to our great Ally-in-Arms. **"THE SPLENDOUR OF FRANCE"** has also a special interest to our soldiers, for it is on French Soil that, side by side with our Ally, they are fighting for freedom and humanity; and it is accordingly anticipated that copies of the parts will be posted to them regularly by relatives at home.

ORDER PARTS I. & II. TO-DAY

if you wish to secure the 10/6 Photogravure Picture (measuring 16in. x 22in.) by J. J. Henner, entitled "La Madeline," presented FREE to the first 50,000 purchasers.

Part I. is the most remarkable value ever offered at the price of 8½d. It contains no less than 79 beautiful illustrations on the finest Art Paper, a Map, and a magnificnt Coloured Plate of Notre Dame Cathedral.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, C.B., has written a long introduction, and Mr. F. Appleby Holt, LL.B., tells a romantic story of Paris and her buildings.

Part II. contains 59 beautiful illustrations, and the letterpress deals with the romantic story of the Tuileries and the Louvre.

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Send for a beautiful Art Prospectus free on application (Dept. 1), Messrs. HUTCHINSON & CO., Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

KEATING'S POWDER
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TINS. 3d., 6d., 1/-

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DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION can be learned in 3 days. Only 6 rules. Send stamp for first lesson in this, the simplest and highest speed system to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE (Room J), SKEGNESS. London, 32 & 33 Great Russell St. W.C.
FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

(TO BE HANDED TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.) *(Particulars of a special gift to subscribers will be found on page iii. of cover.)*

"JOHN BULL" ORDER FORM.

To (name of Newsagent) .....

Please reserve for me weekly, until further notice, a copy of "JOHN BULL."

Signature ..... *Date* ..... 1917.

Address .....

.....

"BULLETS" THE BIG PUSH IN COMPETITIONS.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26th.

No.

Example .....
Bullet

Example .....
Bullet

(234) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 234, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26th.

No.

Example .....
Bullet

Example .....
Bullet

(234) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

Closing Date, Thursday, April 26th.

No.

Example .....
Bullet

Example .....
Bullet

(234) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....
Address .....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 235. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 3rd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **235** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 235,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 235.

BRITISH PLUCK
ALL OUT TO WIN
ALWAYS WELCOME
A SMART MOVE
CHEAP DINNERS
WAITING FOR FATHER
DOING NOTHING
MAKES ME SICK
RUNNING HOME
WHAT A SURPRISE
WANTING MEN
DETAINED AT OFFICE
LAST DRINK
CLEARING THE AIR
LOVING HUSBAND
THE WRONG SPIRIT
COSTER'S WEDDING
GETTING CREDIT
MOTHER REGRETS
THE KAISER'S EXCUSE

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 234.

HAIG'S LATEST MOVE
A BIG SUCCESS
PEACE AT ANY MOMENT
BRITISH CONSTITUTION.
AFTER WORK
THE HINDENBURG LINE
GETTING BEANS
OLD WOMAN
WORKING ON ALLOTMENT
A BAD RULER
SMALL BEER
GETTING STALE
ABOVE WATER
TELLING SECRETS
FATHER'S KID
A PUT-UP JOB
BITTER COMPLAINT
OUR OFFICE-BOY
GETTING THE NEEDLE
SUPPLYING MUNITIONS
STANDING JOKE
TURNING HER HEAD
RUDE AWAKENING
SIMPLE FARE
WHEN LOVERS QUARREL
SMALL HOLDINGS
TOMMY DISLIKES
UP TO SCRATCH
WITHOUT POTATOES
ALARMING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—
Example:—TOMMY DISLIKES.
Bullet:—TO HEAR HIMSELF PRAISED.

Example:—RUDE AWAKENING.
Bullet:—WHEN REVEILLE SOUNDS.

Example:—GETTING THE NEEDLE.
Bullet:—MOTHER'S TASK.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 12th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated April 21st.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 231 APPEARS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Complete List of all Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 231st 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mrs. B. PINKS,
Cromwell Cottage,
Tile Hill, near Coventry.

Example:—THE OLD GANG.
Bullet:—"LANDED" US IN GALLIPOLI.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. WM. J. WALSHE,
37, Royal Avenue,
Belfast.

Example:—THE KAISER'S DOOM.
Bullet:—HE'S "UNDER"—NO DELUSION.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. F. BOWMAN,
"Allenton," Mill Road,
Deal, Kent.

Example:—TEN DAYS' LEAVE.
Bullet:—THEN REVUES REPLACE INSPECTIONS,

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. E. J. YATES, 50, Spilman Street, Carmarthen: WHEN GERMANY RETREATS—"QUITTING" THEMSELVES LIKE—HUNS.

Mr. H. C. DALE, 122, Harlaxton Drive, Lenton, Notts.: FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE—KAISER THOUGHT RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

Mr. A. KYLE, Gas Works, Abergavenny, N. Wales: FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE—APPOINTING WOMAN CENSOR.

Pte. G. DICKERSON, R.D.C., The Cecil, 64, Wellesby Road, Great Yarmouth: TRYING GIRL—LEARNS "ROPES"—THEN "SKIPS."

Mr. W. GETHING, "Rawdon," Church Crookham, Hants.: TEN DAYS' LEAVE—GERMAN SOLDIERS AREN'T GETHING.

Mr. F. H. COVILL, 1, Millfield Terrace, Sleaford, Lincoln: TURNING OUT WELL—ALTHOUGH WE'RE "MIGHTY" LATE.

Mrs. A. MINING, 24, Lambert Rd., Brixton Hill, S.W.: WITHOUT BEER—NOT "WELL TO DO."

Sergt. A. EARLE, R.W.K.R., School House, Prathey Street, Aylesford, Kent: FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE—KAISER "ENDORSES" WILLIE'S "LICEN E."

AMY G. JOCE, 7, Wallasey Village, Cheshire: THE BOYS IN BLUE—"COOLEST" WHEN "BLAZING."

Mr. A. MARSHALL, 51, Chester St., Shettleston, Glasgow: WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS—WE'LL REMEMBER WHEN VOTING.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. LOWE, 8, North Avenue, Leek, Staffs.: THE OLD GANG—STILL BEHIND THE "SCENES."

Mr. H. C. E. CARTER, Rowley Hill, Lepton, Yorks.: FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE—INCOME-TAX FORM CORRECT.

Mr. D. JONES, Penmenydd, Mumbles, Glam.: WITHOUT BEER—COSTER'S WEDDING FAILS FEAT.

Mrs. M. OWEN, 17, Awelfryn, Merthyr Tydfil: FRIGHTFUL MISTAKE—FLAPPER THINKS CONVENTIONS.

ANNIE CARR, 27, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Southport: THE KAISER'S DOOM—NEARER THAN HIS BIRTHDAY.

Mr. A. H. BARRATT, 96, Edward Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham: WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS—"MOTHERLAND" BEFORE "OTHER LAND."

Mr. WM. ROUTLEDGE, 4 Laurel Bank, Golder's Green, N.W. 4: COSTER'S DONKEY—"DRAWS" RATIONS ALL DAY.

Pte. J. PRANDLE, War Hospital, Napsbury, Herts: WANTING MORE COLLABORATION — RICHMOND AND CARSON.

Mr. S. HOLLANDS, 82, Northcote Rd., Clapham Junc., S.W. 11: STILL RUNNING — BUSINESS WHEN INDISPENSABLE'S "JOINED."

Mr. B. W. HEAVENS, 123, Artic Road, West Cowes, I.O.W.: WITHOUT BEER—BREWER'S DRAYMEN JOCKEYS SOON.

SPECIAL GIFT

TO SECURE

REGULAR READERS

This offer will not be made again.

GIFT COUPON.
1/- VALUE 1/-

As a special concession to readers who have placed an order for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.—or who do so before May 31—we are presenting them with this gift coupon, which will be accepted by our Pen Department as 1/- in part payment of one of our famous JOHN BULL PENS.

Newsagents' Name.....

Address.....

.....

Available to May 31, 1917.

Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen.

If you use the above coupon you will avoid the necessity of collecting 13 weekly coupons.

ADDRESS,
JOHN BULL PEN DEPT.,
93, LONG ACRE. W.C.2.

STANDARD MODEL, Price 2s. 9d., with Gift Coupon, 1s. 9d. Postage 2d.

DE LUXE MODEL price 3s. 9d., with Gift Coupon, 2s. 9d. Postage 2d.

SAFETY MODEL, price 5s., with Gift Coupon, 4s. Postage 2d.

PRESENTATION MODEL (De Luxe G.M.), Price 5s., with Gift Coupon, 4s. Postage 2d.

STYLO, Price 3s., with Gift Coupon, 2s. Postage 2d.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

DANIEL McCLURE, 11, Mitchell-street, Musselburgh. March 17th. 092,516.

ROBERT DAVIDSON, 13, Kirkland, Cockermouth. March 17th. A152,678.

Mrs. MARGARET FRASER, 25, Woodburn-terrace, Edinburgh. March 24th 038,950.

Mrs. E. A. TRAVERS, 6, Cumsaerbren-street, Treherbert, Rhondda. March 17th. 659,739.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 14th:—

012,553	327,781	637,374	905,701	A247,309
035,376	369,894	676,446	931,407	A268,211
061,299	384,840	717,382	996,981	A292,974
099,647	436,919	748,183	A024,648	A306,212
110,873	462,382	792,696	A063,557	A327,708
136,094	475,044	823,285	A075,020	A384,276
174,022	491,473	845,584	A099,897	A449,522
192,209	546,839	867,391	A146,949	A473,320
225,678	583,385	889,994	A182,482	A491,796
264,584	604,074	938,827	A218,254	A556,700

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 25th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for April 14, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 086,144 and A449,116. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

The full conditions governing this scheme are published in previous editions of JOHN BULL, *and will appear in future in the first issue of each month.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	**£200**
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	**£100**
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding...	**£350**
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ...	**£25**
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	**£10**

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

April 21, 1917. Address .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form below, and forward it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day—
(Strike out one of these.)

April 21, 1917.

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....Newsagent, of ..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

.....OR.....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week, from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of Home .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SELL YOUR

WASTE PAPER

TO

PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO., LTD.,

Battersea, S.W.11.

PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION

Telephone: Battersea 2270 (4 lines).

Shattered Nerves

After twenty-five years of trial and test —Hall's Wine still grows in popularity.

During the present time of anxiety and strain, the wonderful tonic and restorative properties of Hall's Wine have been recognised in a striking manner. This is not to be wondered at when worry and overwork are throwing fresh strain on the nerves of all of us.

"Hall's Wine," says a doctor, "is the best I know for keeping one up during times of strenuous pressure."

"Hall's Wine is invaluable," says another, "especially where vitality is low or nerves are shattered."

Hall's Wine

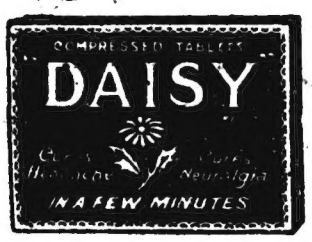
THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Large Size Bottle, **3/9**. Of Wine Merchants, licensed Grocers, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.

Head and Nerve PAINS Cured FREE.



TO-DAY you have the opportunity to try, at no expense, the very latest, safest, and most certain cure for Headache and Nerve Pains that has yet been discovered. Just send us a penny stamp for postage, mention this paper, and the dainty sample box of Daisy Tablets illustrated will be sent you by return.

For 25 years now Daisy has been curing the nation's headaches, neuralgia and nerve pains, but only a few months ago, after long and careful experiment, was it found possible to offer this time-tried remedy in the highly convenient Tablet form announced to you to-day.

Equipped with a box of DAISY TABLETS in your bag, or vest pocket, you can cure *any* nerve pain, wherever its location, simply by swallowing a couple. They will cure you completely, scientifically, and without the slightest harmful reaction—and cure you *every time*.

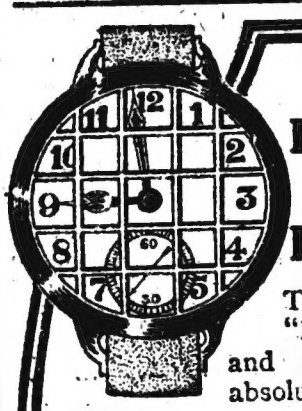
We have just published a valuable pocket treatise on the causes and cure of headache, neuralgia, and nerve pains, and we will send a free copy with your sample. Send to day and be ready for the next attack.

A Sheffield Munition Girl writes:—

"I have found Daisy Tablets simply wonderful for quickly curing the splitting headaches we munition workers so often get. Many and many a time they alone have saved me from breaking time."

A box of 25 Tablets takes up less space in your bag or pocket than the smallest matchbox, yet in it is stored the magic cure for a dozen headaches. Sold by Boots, Taylors, etc., & chemists everywhere, at 1/3 per box or direct, post free, from DAISY, LTD., LEEDS.

"DAISY" TABLETS CURE Headache & Neuralgia.



Perfection in Protection

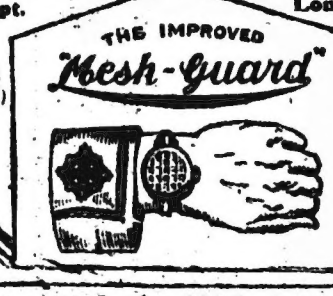
The Wrist Watch "Mesh-Guard" is neat and ornamental, yet gives absolute protection. Made in one piece. Looks and wears like real silver and will never rust. No cover to lift—affords, in any position, perfect ease of time-reading.

Easily attached. Watch firmly held. Metal thickness gauged for full protective strength. No parts to break or work loose. Fits any wrist watch.

WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

See that your "Mesh Guard" is enclosed in envelope showing officer's cuff trade mark.

Of all jewellers—but if any difficulty in obtaining write to 'Mesh-Guard' Advertising Dept. 10-13, New Bridge St. London, E.C. 4.



In nickel (or khaki) 1/-

In rolled-gold or hall-marked silver 2/6

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